Vol. XLII. No. 1103

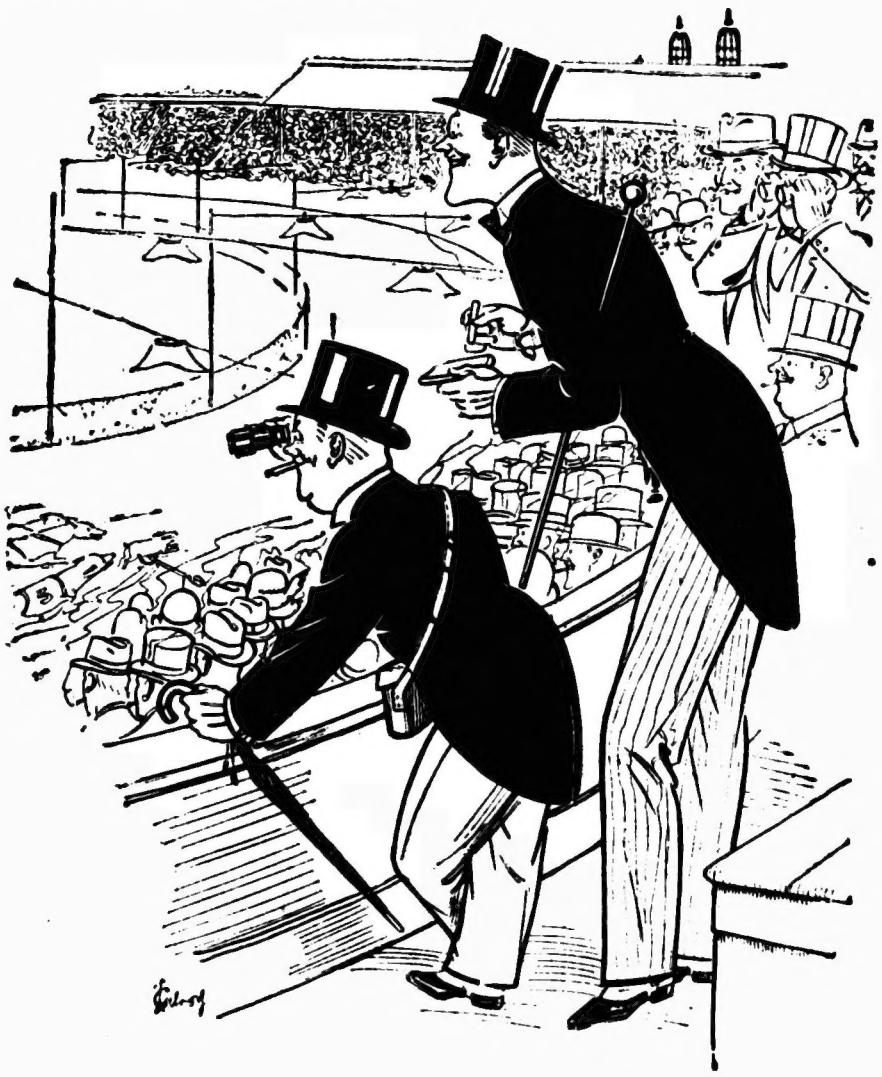
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

£250 INSURANCE BENEFIT PAID.
SEE PAGE 2.

"Men with WILLS of their own."



Said Mr. Gold to Mr. Flake —

"Lucky dogs!"
"Meaning the winners of the stakes, Mr. Gold?"
"No—meaning the smokers of the Flakes, Mr. Flake."
"That's most of us here, Mr. Gold. Have another?"

ISSUED TO DRAW
ATTENTION TO THE MERITS OF
WILLS'
"GOLD FLAKE" CIGARETTES

B.G. 30

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

JOHN BULL Pays £250 DEATH BENEFIT

"John Bull" has sent a cheque for £250 to Mr. Arthur Hooson, licensee of the Swan Inn, Connah's Quay, Chester, whose wife was killed under very tragic and distressing circumstances. On climbing a ladder to get to a bedroom, whilst the house was under repairs, she slipped and fell, sustaining injuries which unfortunately proved fatal.

STORMS AND FLOODS

Further batch of payments to sufferers.

Below is a further list of those who benefit under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift on account of damage to their homes in the recent storms and floods. Many names omitted owing to lack of space.

LONDON.—Mr. W. F. Walker, 29, Bennesley Rd., Northcote Rd., Clapham Junction, S.W.11; Mrs. T. Chubb, 16, Newman St., Falcon Rd., Battersea, S.W.11; Mr. E. Ashbarry, 12, Overstone Rd., Hammersmith, W.6; Mrs. V. E. Carter, 76, Overstone Rd., Hammersmith, W.6; Mr. Jas. Henry, 51, Bridge Avenue, Hammersmith, W.6; Mr. W. Drake, 51, Falcon Grove, Clapham June., S.W.11; Mrs. F. Raine, 158, Northcote Rd., Clapham Junction, S.W.11; Mrs. A. Greenway, 10, Newman St., Falcon Rd., Battersea, S.W.11; Mr. R. Egerton, 8, Gideon Rd., Lavender Hill, Battersea, S.W.11; Mrs. H. Poole, 10, Este Rd., Falcon Rd., Clapham Junction, S.W.11; Mrs. G. Oakley, 8, Grayshott Rd., Shaftesbury Pk. Estate, Battersea, S.W.; Mrs. M. Carpenter, 280, Lancaster Rd., Notting Hill, W.11

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. Garrity, 12, Park St., Middleton; Mrs. Hearn, 4, Marsh Row, Middleton; Mrs. R. H. Hulme, 6, Smith St., Middleton; Mrs. M. Donnellon, 24, Irk St., Middleton; Mrs. E. Reese, 3, Irk St., Middleton; Mr. W. R. Rostron, 5, Irk St., Middleton; Mrs. E. Whitehead, 870, Manchester Rd., Castleton; Mrs. M. Roberts, 125, Hendham Vale, Queen's Park; Mrs. F. Jones, 7, Hope St., Castleton; Mr. A. Hannah, 8, Marsh Row, Middleton; Mr. J. P. McGee, 14, Marsh Rd., Middleton; Mrs. M. J. Clayton, 13, Leater St., Middleton; Mr. F. Hall, 6, Foundry St., Middleton; Mr. J. Lamb, 37, Manchester New Road, Middleton; Mrs. A. Heginbuley, 79, Manchester New Rd., Middleton; Mr. A. Martin, 16, Marsh Row, Middleton; Mr. C. W. Connor, 24, Park St., Middleton; Mr. H. Howard, 2, Foundry St., Middleton; Mr. A. Martin, 16, Marsh Row, Middleton.

SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. A. Bradley, 84, Lawrence St., Hendon.

LANARKSHIRE.—Mr. H. McCormack, 35, Maxwell St., Baillieston.

OLDHAM.—Mrs. H. Birchall, 29, Chadderton Fold, Chadderton; Mrs. A. Duxbury 4, Blackshaw Lane, Shaw; Mrs. A. Jones, 16, Chadderton Fold, Nr. Royton; Mrs. R. Scott, 1, Blackshaw Lane, Belgian St., Royton; Mr. A. Radcliffe, 24, Chadderton Fold, Royton Lane, Chadderton; Mr. H. H. Wadsworth, 45, Chadderton Fold, Royton; Mrs. S. Rhodes, 3, Chadderton Fold, Chadderton; Mrs. D. Schofield, 4, Chadderton Fold, Chadderton; Mrs. R. Stott, 1, Blackshaw Lane, Belgian St., Royton; Mr. W. Green, 12, Boundary St., Longsight; Mr. E. Schofield, 12, Victoria St., Chadderton; Mr. F. Bowyer, 139, Waterloo St.; Mrs. F. Nadin, 23, Brookside; Mrs. A. Robinson, 24, Moss Key, Shaw; Mrs. S. Gadsden, 47, Abbey Hills Rd., Glodwick; Mrs. W. Farraker, 8, William St.; Mr. E. Kenworthy, 2, Higher Turf Lane, Scouthead; Mrs. L. Kenyon, 167, St. John's St., Lees; Mr. C. Sutton, 9, Brookside, Leesbrook; Mr. R. Stuttard, 67, Littlemoor Lane, Waterhead; Mr. J. Kearsley, 13, Brookdale, Lees; Mrs. E. Hickton, 25, Chadderton Fold, Chadderton.

SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mr. E. Montgomery, 23, Railway St.; Mr. W. Jopling, 29, Berwick St.; Mrs. A.M. Plumb, 146, Robinson St.; Mr. E. Heath, 79, Collingwood St.; Mrs. W. Lewis, 12, Derby St.; Mrs. M. Johnson, 50, Berwick St.; Mrs. C. Sullivan, 6, Derby St.; Mr. W. Hogg, 27, Railway St.; Mrs. F. Brown, 24, Railway St.; Mr. W. Queenan, 131, Robinson St.; Mrs. M. Madson, 152, Robinson St., Westoe; Mrs. S. B. Mackey, 295, Saville St.; Mrs. A. Beattie, 40, Catherine St.

NORTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. A. Hunter, 23, Foote Bldgs., Preston; Mrs. C. Pearson, 17, Coburg St.; Mrs. M. A. Hastig, 19, Coburg St.; Mr. T. Stearman, 21, Foot Bldgs., Preston.

WEDNESBURY.—Mrs. A. Griffiths, 30, Riding Lane; Mr. F. Styles, 27, Riding Lane.

GLASGOW.—Mrs. C. Macdonald, 30, Hinshaw St., Maryhill.

NEWCASTLE.—Mrs. M. Hart, 31, Parson Rd., Gosforth.

WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.—Mr. A. Grant, 263, High St., E.

GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. E. Gallagher, 46, Broute St.

WHITLEY BAY.—Mrs. F. M. Easton, 19, Windsor Tce.

JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mr. C. Stirling, 85, Albert Rd.

ABERGAVENNY.—Mr. M. Powell, Woodland Cotts., Maesquatha, Gilwern.

BELFAST.—Mr. F. McCaughey, 32, West St.

ASHINGTON.—Mrs. B. Robson, 29, First Row, Linton Coll.

NEW WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Hill, 26, Shafto Tce.

HETTON-LE-HOLE.—Mr. S. Wild, 50, Pembertons Bank, Easington Lane; Mrs. E. Walker, 25, Four Lane Ends.

LEIGH.—Mr. H. Potter, 4a, Talbot Rd., Plank Lane.

ROCHDALE.—Mr. C. Elliott, 7, Dean Terr., Oldham Rd.

CHORLEY.—Mr. J. Summer, 7, Pleasant View, Brinscall.

WIGAN.—Mrs. A. Forrest, 13, King St., Higher Ince.

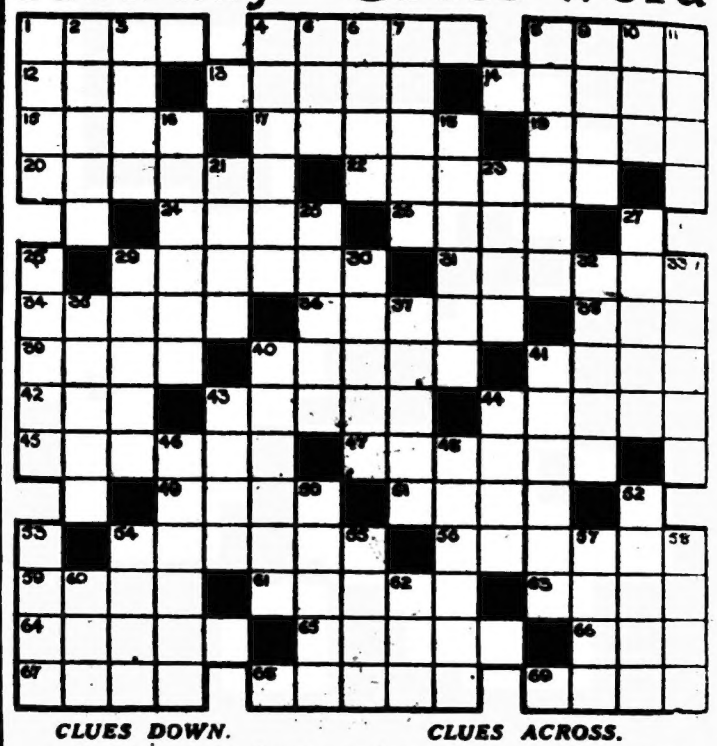
MACCLESFIELD.—Mrs. E. Burgess, 12, Samuel St.

PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. M. A. Lewis, 19, Havant St., Portsea.

SHERINGHAM.—Mr. H. G. Craske, Glenthorne, Beeston Rd.

Our Cross-Word Corner

Holiday Cross-word



CLUES DOWN.

1. To trim.
2. Hibernian.
3. Narrow tract of land.
4. Send to another country.
5. Impair.
6. Talk indiscreetly.
7. Top room.
8. Word of honour.
9. Swear.
10. Colour.
11. Growing timber.
16. Young cat.
18. To slip away.
21. A servant.
23. Enticement
25. Splendour.
27. Series of connected steps.
28. Export.
29. To restrict.
30. The tyrannical king.
32. Small fish.
33. Of more years.
35. A constellation.
37. Sharp.
40. Counterfeiter.
41. To be added.
43. Flesh.
44. A wizard.
46. Catalepsy.
48. To abrogate.
50. Perform.
52. A wading bird.
53. Killed.
54. To flow.
55. Roof covering.
57. Fruit of the palm.
58. Ice vehicle.
60. Poem.
62. Observe.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. A tint.
4. To landlock.
8. Separate.
12. Part of verb "to be."
13. To raise to power.
14. Hesitate.
15. A stack.
17. Idle chatter
19. Was carried.
20. Native of cold regions
22. Great wave.
24. Vetch.
26. Hair net.
29. Sew.
31. Quickly
34. Foolishly fond.
36. Tenure.
38. Boon companion.
39. The emerald isle.
40. Laughable play.
41. Dry.
42. Fasten.
43. Internal combustion engine.
44. Frighten
45. To vacillate
47. Straight.
49. Fury.
51. The stag.
54. Manifest.
56. Extremely reserved women.
59. A rogue.
61. Elevate.
63. Nobleman.
64. To draw out.
65. Transparent.
66. Part of the foot.
67. Past tense of "be"
68. Hard metal
69. Repair.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 34.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 6/8/27.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 6/8/27.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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"There isn't a better pen on the market. I am a stationer so I know what I am saying."—E. J., 119, Green Street, Bethnal Green.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tip worth 15/-
16" Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6
You send Six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) 4/-

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Name engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

YOU SAVE 13/6

2/6 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE

The finest Shaving-edge that Steel will take!

RUN your fingers over your face after using a Gillette Blade. Be critical. Notice especially the corners of the jaw—the point of the chin and other difficult to shave places!

You find smoothness everywhere. Not a trace of beard growth left.

The Gillette Blade is made of the finest blade steel under a perfected process of manufacturing. Vigilant inspections ensure consistent high quality.

Used in combination with the Gillette Safety Razor it is the ideal way to a perfect shave.

In packets of 10 (20 shaving edges) ... **4/6** Per packet of 5 (10 shaving edges) ... **2/3**

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Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.

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THIS SUPERIOR CHARLESTON UKULELE Ideal for Summer Outings.

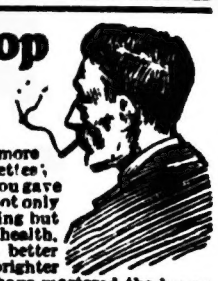
FOR **1/-** down.

COMPLETE PLAYING AND TUITION OUTFIT.

MAKE YOUR HOLIDAYS JOLLY DAYS with this glorious Jazz Instrument. With Self-Tutor you can play the popular Plantation Melodies in one hour. Handsome instrument, mahogany-polished Cedar, rosewood pegs. 1/- with order, 2/- on Sat. following receipt of instrument, then 6 weekly payments of 2/- (15/- in all). SEND TO-DAY.

F. HAND & CO., 20, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

How to Stop Smoking



Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes. How much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room B), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C. 4.

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(Continued from page 35.)

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T. Cook, 78, Oakdale Rd., Leytonstone, E.
H. Cowles, 12, Hanbury Rd., Battersea, S.W.
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Mrs. Downing, 116, Eaton Rd., Brynhyfryd, Swansea.
M. C. Dunn, 153, Bergholt Rd., Colchester.
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Mrs. M. F. James, 25, Esmond Rd., Cheetham Hill.
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B. Lewis, Penybont Shop, Clynderwen, Pemb.
G. Lowdon, Jnr., 10, Mabel St., Blaydon-on-Tyne.
J. Lucas, 3, Fenwick Grove, Peckham, S.E.
D. E. Megitt, 43, Chester St., Hulme, M/c.
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SHOULD DOCTORS REVEAL bridegrooms' secret? A problem of the modern marriage fully discussed by T. B. Partington in this week's "HEALTH & STRENGTH," 3d. all newsgts.

DO not fail to turn to pages 30 and 31 in this issue. A FREE GIFT OFFER is made to *John Bull* readers. Send the coupon to-day!

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Weary Willies.

A moribund session is dead. M.P.s disperse not to reassemble until November 8. "The less work the longer holiday" seems to be the rule. The lunacy is that we're paying more than seven hundred people £8 a week each for doing it.

Tables of Despair.

The percentage of unemployment for Great Britain and North Ireland on June 20 was 8.9. In the coal-fields it was 19 per cent. Those are figures tragic enough to prevent Parliament breaking up. They warrant a special session.

Baldwin's Heir.

Sir Austen Chamberlain's nomination as acting Premier during Baldwin's absence in Canada marks out Austen as in the succession to Baldwin. It also signifies that at the moment the succession is no great catch for the ambitious.

Wise by Eyes?

While Baldwin is in Canada, it is to be hoped he will see and take to heart the effects on agriculture and general prosperity of free access to the land.

Warships or Schools.

Just when naval limitation hung in the balance at Geneva, Parliament was being told it was impossible to abolish the limitation of education. The price of a very few cruisers would build all the schools needed to raise the school age to fifteen.

Pitiful Wastage.

Between school and a trained livelihood is a gap that engulfs many thousands of lads and lasses. Let the country put in the rungs, and the young folk will climb the ladder.

The Ring round Britain.

The Government should make short work of the shipping rings which, for example, charge just twice as much for British goods as for Continental goods carried on the same boat. These rings practically blockade British trade.

Starving the Market.

Our home market may be the "finest in the world," but by checking enrichment from overseas and raising prices at home "safeguarders" would impoverish it. Islanders don't live by taking in one another's washing.

Jettisoned.

No votes for young women next session! Mr. Baldwin has hedged. Adding to the mass of voters isn't an important issue, but equal citizenship is. The broken pledge will cost the Government dear if it has to run to the country.

Negative.

Sir Austen Chamberlain "has no visit to Berlin in prospect at present." We hope he has in the immediate future. The sooner friendly relations are fully acknowledged by the respective Governments the better it will be for the world.

Shirking Responsibility.

No raising of the school age by Act of Parliament, but local authorities are to be "free to do so." As if they will unless the example is set at Westminster!

Railroad Sense.

Officials and men connected with the great railways have met in conference and decided that co-operation is to be the watchword. It couldn't be bettered. Both at home and abroad co-operation instead of antagonism is the one way to peace and prosperity.

Common-sense Backing.

Boot and shoe manufacturers express wholehearted approval of the findings of the Geneva Economic Conference. Tariffs don't help trade. They merely restrict, hamper and embarrass it.

The Future Race.

The Canadian Government has appointed a Royal Commission to investigate the possibilities and social and economic effects of child endowment. We want a similar enquiry in this country.

Enquiry Called For.

The allegation that guardians of the poor use their position to find snug jobs for relatives must be probed. We don't want graft to gain ground in this country. Neither do we want unfounded rumours spread in the interests of any one political Party.

The Drawback.

The Duchess of Atholl would like to see schools train girls into home-makers. But homes can't be made without houses, and until they're built the marriage market will be slack.

Get On With It.

West Bromwich is considering building 1,200 houses. That's the way. It's no use thinking in dozens while thousands of families are homeless. Big schemes are needed to settle big problems.

'Busman's Holiday.

Eight hundred kiddies from London's drab streets were taken by omnibus drivers to Clacton and given the time of their lives. They were not happier than their hosts. That is the secret of pleasure—to make it for others.

The White Spectre.

Part of the campaign against tuberculosis must be directed towards slate quarries. Fresh air keeps workers healthy; working in sheds, the dust destroys lungs; and prevention is better than cure.

"JOHN BULL" PAYS
£250
Insurance Benefit
SEE PAGE 2

Floating Death.

Floating mines are still being sighted in the English Channel. It's easier to start a big war than to finish it, a fact for those to remember who are shrieking for increased armaments.

Let the People Decide.

"A choice sample of hell where men were shot at like Aunt Sallies" is General Sir Ian Hamilton's description of the Ypres Salient. Those who like the sample will go on fomenting enmities. Those who don't will work for disarmament.

Disgraceful.

Water, water everywhere, but never a drop to drink, is the plight of mining villages in Derbyshire. Washing is impossible and sanitation becoming serious. When serious epidemics arrive what at present is nobody's business will suddenly become everybody's.

Danger Rumours.

The London General Omnibus Company finds it necessary to issue a warning that used tickets are valueless. Those who urge children to risk life by collecting them are irresponsible fools.

Who's to Blame.

Little boys of eleven and thirteen put a big oak slab across the rails at Darlington which happily the on-coming train destroyed. Putting the boys on probation was the only thing to do. All the same, the parents who failed to teach them better should have been punished.

Selfish Pleasure.

Motor-cycle races are making the sands at Criccieth and other resorts impossible for children and quiet grown-ups. Noise and danger is too insistent in daily life to introduce it to the seaside. The nuisance needs checking.

The Record.

Fifty-one convictions since 1899, five years' penal servitude, ten in prison, and five in a reformatory, is the history of Alfred Tapper, a gardener, who at Marylebone was sent again to jail for twenty-one days. The magistrate called it shocking, and so it is. Not least as an indictment of the present penal code.

Land Hunger.

Among flowers, fruit, cheese and butter from goats' milk at the London Postmen's annual show was a planted bowl from a district "where gardens are unknown." Such a district should be unknown.

Petty Meanness.

When two men were charged at Leigh with "stealing" coal, the Bench upheld the right of boatmen to sweepings from canal coal-boats that had been returned empty. A decent decision, that should put to shame the colliery companies raising the question.

Full Steam Ahead.

Railway companies, says the Ministry of Transport, are under an "obligation" to provide reasonable service. Why not put them under "compulsion"? Trip trains, and plenty of them, especially on Sundays, would do more than relieve road congestion. **They'd pay.**

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Giving a Lead.

It was a bright idea by which inmates of the Hackney casual ward were put to making coal briquettes, for the experiment has proved so successful that it has been decided the work should continue for another six months. Where Hackney leads other boroughs might well follow.

Plucky Kiddie.

Uncommon in presence of mind as in name, Elmed Jones, of Llannor, near Pwllheli, who is only five, had the good sense to realise her mother had fallen in the fire and dragged her to safety. A silver wristlet watch from the Royal Humane Society is a token well deserved.

What a Brute!

Pity poor bairns with fathers of the type of William Haworth, now securely held in Preston's jail for six months! A toddler, not two years old, was his little girl, yet with the heavy buckle end of a leather strap he cut her poor flesh and covered it with weals. Merciful to the merciless is the law which permits so callous a brute to escape the "cat."

Much-needed Lesson.

Having bought a tuberculous cow for £1, ostensibly for pig food, Thomas Cambray, of Carnforth, sent it to Lancaster auction for resale, where luckily it was seen by a veterinary surgeon who ordered the animal's destruction. Cambray is the poorer by a fine of £10 for failing to notify the animal. We hope it will teach him a lesson.

An Evil Practice.

The other day a Walworth woman, Mrs. Winifred Ashley, was fined 5s. for giving intoxicating liquor to a little child. Every night in the poorer quarters of our cities women can be seen refreshing their babies with this, to them, pernicious stuff, and members of the force should be instructed to keep a sharper look-out for offenders.

First Honours.

A splendid use has been found for the balance left over from the winding-up of the distress relief fund raised in Wombwell during the coal dispute in the instalment as part of the infant welfare equipment of an ultra-violet ray apparatus for the treatment of sickly children. Honours must go to the first urban district to own such an apparatus.

Wholesale Saver.

"None of that," Mr. W. Prosser told an Egremont crowd on the promenade, and an old mariner means what he says. True he was seventy-five, and had gone over the railings to save a couple of lads from drowning. But money from a collection as a reward for what he had done—he would not have that! It was a thing he had done forty times before as his medals prove. What a man!

Heroism.

"I reckon it was what any fellow would have done" was the modest disclaimer of Robert McMahon, who saved many lives from a fire which threatened tenements in City Road, E.C. Twenty persons occupied the place and McMahon made a rope from sheets and saw his neighbours to safety before thinking of himself. "Only a dock labourer," but a gentleman of the very finest sort.

Respite for Neddy.

Many seaside visitors will welcome the new regulations of the Skegness Council with reference to the donkeys on the beach. In future these must be fed and rested at specified hours, and no person over the age of sixteen or weighing more than 7 st. will be allowed to ride one. Also, drivers are forbidden to kick or beat the animals. Other resorts should emulate so excellent an example.

Doctor's Silence.

We cannot agree that Dr. George Holton was right in failing to tell Thomas Ely Cragg, of Elland, who ran into and killed a fifteen-year-old boy while motoring that he had an athlete's heart and in consequence ought not to drive a car. The doctor's contention that there were many people that he could tell they ought not to drive a car, but would be ruined if he did so, is unworthy of his profession.

No Alternative.

"Prison does not seem to do you any good," said the Recorder of Cardiff to Thomas Jones, who, after being convicted several times and serving a term of penal servitude, stole a handbag containing over £5. What a pity that his admonisher could only follow up his remark by sending Jones back to prison for still another twelve months.

The Coward's Weapon.

A knuckle-duster is a fearsome weapon to which none but a ruffian would descend. What, then, can be said of a man who uses it upon a woman? Yet Joseph Schofield, of Hull, was let off with a £4 4s. fine for this brutal assault. It is difficult to understand the mentality of magistrates who pass such lenient sentences, for they are appointed to protect the people.

Sensible Memorial.

A practical man, with no objection to a modest beginning, Mr. Smith proposes to acquire and erect an Army hut at Cogan to provide a memorial institute for keeping the boys off the streets. A capital of £200 is required, which sum it is hoped will be paid off in a short time and the institute become self-supporting. The scheme is an admirable one and we wish it every success.

Pitiable Case.

A paralysed Sunderland man, so ill that he can only cry when he needs attention, relies on his dog to run out and bark until someone arrives. His wife's distress may be imagined when she found herself summoned for lack of a dog licence. Contributors to the local police court poor-box may be glad to know that some of the funds have gone to enable the sufferer to keep his dog with him the rest of this year.

The Human Machine

Never Too Late

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

ONE of the great truths of life is that nothing is destructible. There is no such thing as complete annihilation.

Take anything you like and do whatever you like with it. Do your very worst—and you can only change its form.

This is as true of immaterial things as it is of material things. You can no more destroy energy than you can destroy bricks and mortar.

This is a tremendous fact, perhaps the most tremendous fact of all. It means that every thought you think, every act you do, every emotion you experience, goes on—and on.

"Every event of a man's mental life," wrote a famous thinker, "is written indelibly in the brain's archives to be counted for or against him—not at some far-off judgment day, but in every future step of his mental career.

"No intellectual or moral response is without importance and dignity. The influence of each one lasts as long as life.

"The little things prepare for the great; no effort for truth and right is ever a waster; no error should ever be without regret."

WE are what we make ourselves. We can be what we choose to be. Good or bad, efficient or careless, noble or base—the decision and responsibility are ours and no one else's.

We do not expect to grow healthy and strong in body by being careless of what we eat and drink and do. Why should we expect to grow healthy and strong in mind and character by being careless of what and how we think?

There is one thing that should always give us hope. So far as the mind is concerned *it is never too late to begin.*

Deaf-mute Thief.

Only seventeen, with seven convictions for theft already and a deaf-mute into the bargain, could nothing better be done for Charles Thomas Chandler, who pleaded guilty to theft at Cardiff, than to send him to nine months' hard labour? Such a case of double abnormality cries aloud for medical treatment.

Modest Youth.

A fifteen-year-old schoolboy, Harold Rogers, was out in a boat off St. Austell Bay, when Sylvia Lockyer, a London visitor aged fourteen, fell into the water. Diving into the sea fully clothed, he kept the girl afloat until picked up by a motor trawler. It is an additional feather in his cap that Rogers never mentioned his rescue, which only came to light some days later.

Dirty Butcher.

A fine of £5 was well deserved by a butcher, Max Ludzker, summoned at Cardiff for leaving meat trimmings exposed on the floor behind the counter and throwing others into a sack from which live maggots were crawling on to the pavement. He ought not to have required the court to teach him that a butcher cannot be dirty at the expense of public health.

Spreading Disease.

Shortage of cottages in the Cambridgeshire village settlement for tuberculous ex-Service men means that many men who are getting worse and spreading the disease everywhere are still at large. More than 1,000 cases have been dealt with and demands for admission to the settlement are received daily. Hearty response to Sir Frederick Milner's appeal for funds to erect new cottages deserves to be forthcoming.

The Essence of It.

A sermon in a nutshell was preached by Mr. Justice McCardie at Birmingham Assizes when it was announced that an action, in which seven Plymouth Brethren were sued for alleged libel by Mr. George Arthur Parkes, a fellow-member, had been settled. "Forgiveness lies at the bottom of Christianity, and kindliness is the great secret of life," commented his lordship. What a world of suffering and misery would be saved if others, besides the quarrelling Plymouth Brothers, took that lesson to heart.

Workhouse Bath Scandal.

A man named Richard M'Closkey recently appeared before the Bench at Limavady Petty Sessions on a charge of insubordination. While at the local workhouse he had refused to take a bath, it seems, but he justified this refusal by explaining that some sixteen or seventeen inmates had previously bathed in the same water and he drew the line at such communal "cleanliness." On learning this the magistrates dismissed the case with strong comments against the guardians. Most people will applaud their attitude.

Behind the Scenes.

If woman's work is never done, neither is it always in the limelight. That is why few ever hear of such monumental work as that performed by Dr. Janet E. Lane-Claypon, who has made to the Ministry of Health a report on cancer in women. Dr. Lane-Claypon has read up the subject in sixteen different countries, and her report, with tables, tabulated summaries, conclusions and diagrams, is a colossal work. Consultant to a number of hospitals, this lady's life is devoted to the welfare of women and children. Splendid work quietly performed.

The Reason Why.

When Isaac Midgley, who is only nineteen, was sent to prison for four months for a certain offence near Saddleworth, the judge said conditions in which the prisoner lived may have had something to do with his crime. Meanwhile at Nottingham, slum conditions are so bad that the corporation is urged to go on building a large number of working-class houses. Surely some self-sacrifice on the part of ratepayers, officials and builders is not too great a price to pay for the prevention of evils that, as in the case of Midgley, can set a whole life on a downward career.

Overseas for Lettuce.

In South-West Kent, according to Dr. Alfred Greenwood, epidemics of illness, resembling typhoid fever, are due to eating Dutch imported lettuce. Greengrocers have been warned. What should be done is to warn the Government that the time is here for the people of this country to have free access to their own land. Then they wouldn't be dependent upon overseas for even a bit of simple salad such as lettuce.

In Their Day's Work.

A good shepherd risks his life for his sheep. Crag-men P. Robinson and H. Snooks, of Cockermouth, deserve the title. When a sheep was five days crag-fast on the sloping terrace about Gillesgarth Chimney these two men risked the hazardous climb, lassoed the frantic animal and swung it across a wide chasm to safety. A slip meant a drop to death 200 ft. below, which made the feat wonderful, though unconcernedly done.

Lowly Start.

Tom Green's father was only a working miner, and it was at the little school in the typical mining village of Crawford that the lad started out on his career. By hard work he won his way through a grammar school to Liverpool University. To-day he is the senior science master at the Royds Hall School, Huddersfield, a Master of Arts and a Bachelor of Science. Where there's the will there's a way to success.

Lucky in Law.

Breaking his altar vows to his wife, William James Lockwood, of Hednesford, courted a poor Gravelly Hill girl as a single man. When she learned the truth it was too late, and in the cold waters of a canal she ended her spoiled life. "Morally you are as responsible for poor Nancy Derrick's death as many a man hanged for murder," declared the South Staffordshire coroner. Lucky for Lockwood that the law is as it is.

A Terrible Reproach.

Disease, high mortality and rickets in children follow on the dismal tale of lack of houses in Glasgow, two-thirds of the people of which inhabit two-roomed tenements, while single-room tenements number 40,000. Local authorities, it is urged, are slack and the housing programme 51,000 behind. Sir John Gilmour, Secretary for Scotland, replies that the Government is trying to find a solution, but has not reached one. Is this the best our country can do?

Weary at the Wheel.

The driving of a motor-car is a task calling for extreme vigilance these days, hence a weary man should never be entrusted with the wheel. When John Nathaniel Page was charged at Sittingbourne with driving while drunk, he informed the Bench that he was tired out and dozed off. He had been at his post for thirty-two hours with only two hours' break. We do not wonder that the chairman severely censured a firm which endangered life by allowing an employee to work such hours.

His Life for Others.

Yet one more of those splendid X-ray pioneers has sacrificed his life for the good of the community in the person of Mr. Alfred C. Taylor, who has died at Peterborough from dermatitis. He laboured at this dangerous work for more than thirty years, and had lost three fingers of his left hand and one of his right. "If I could live my life over again I would do the same," were the words he uttered when the shadow of death was already upon him. The world owes much to these noble men.

Coke Fraud.

Short weight has been the lot of many in the London area who buy coke in quantities. As much as 307 pounds deficit has been found in a delivery of twenty-one sacks, each reputed to contain one hundredweight. A board of guardians discovered itself 311 pounds short in thirty hundredweights, and an orphanage nearly half a ton in two tons. The airy answer has been that coke is sold by sack not by weight. It is quite time the position was reversed and consumers knew for how much they were paying.

Seeing the Vision.

Splendid is the theme chosen for discussion this month at Toronto. Five thousand delegates, all teachers, representing fifty nations, are considering world citizenship and what methods are best calculated to create a better understanding between the peoples of different countries. The only hope of the world now is Youth, and since these conversations are to be passed on to Youth, they cannot fail to achieve good results.

From Jail to Jobs.

Owing to the Prisoners' Aid Society, the holding of classes at Wormwood Scrubbs Prison and the recommendations of the governor and chaplain, first offenders are often able to step into a job on discharge. One man, described as of "good stamp," is to be a travelling farrier; an ex-postman with twenty-six years' service behind him is to turn baker, while a senior clerk has found a job as plate-cleaner at an hotel. We have to thank the organisers for a piece of work of really national importance.

Grasper Grasped.

Because she happened to have a room to let which was partly furnished, a Rhyl landlady thought she could screw as much as 17s. 6d. out of an ex-Serviceman and his wife who have four children and an income of about £2 a week. When they could not pay this exorbitant rent in full, she refused them admission. The county-court Judge, however, has refused in his turn to let the tenants pay more than 12s. 6d. a week and adjourned the case to avoid giving an order for their ejectment. We are glad to hear the grasper has thoroughly over-reached herself.

Linoleum Let-down Echo.

A swift sequel has followed our exposure of the dilatory business methods of Charles Jones and Son, of Tower Bridge Road, London, S.E. Jones ran a linoleum business, but customers found that they didn't always get the goods they paid for unless they invoked legal aid. He has now gone bankrupt, his deficiency being nearly four times his assets. Perhaps this will be a lesson to him.

A "Real Smasher."

Frank Armstrong, of Liverpool Road, London, who describes himself as a "genuine turf correspondent," recently sent out a tip with the exhortation "Back it! Back it! Back it!" Unfortunately his selection proved to be very much an "also ran." Unabashed, Mr. Armstrong sent a follow-up circular that he had information of a "real smasher" for a subsequent meeting. Our advice to punters is, "Shun it! Shun it! Shun it!"

Competition Puzzle.

Various attractive lures are held out by certain unnamed persons behind the "Kwikwin" weekly skill competition. Entries have to be sent to "The London Mercantile Chamber, Ltd.," of Danes Inn House, Strand, W.C., whose auditors, it is claimed, will check them as a "safeguard" for competitors. As a recent search at Somerset House does not reveal the fact that any such company is registered, and in view of the absence of more specific details, people should think twice before parting with their fees.

British Films.

We recently made certain comments on Mr. W. J. Coleman and W. F. C. Pearson in connection with proposals for the production of British films. We have since had the opportunity of investigating their project rather more closely, and while we still think that Messrs. Coleman and Pearson are oversanguine as to the possibility of producing good British films at as low a cost as they estimate, we are satisfied as to the honesty of purpose of both these gentlemen and are glad to be able to say so.

HAVE *YOU* WON?

SCORES of "Bullets" Holiday Winners are announced on page 35. Another 145 Holiday Prizes offered this week!

Problems of Life

A Heartening Word

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

NEARLY a quarter of a century ago, during a visit to Rome, I had an audience of the then newly elected Pope, Pius X. If this statement rouses the ire of some militant Protestant, I ask him to keep his temper and remember that it is better to respect the good in men and institutions than to be perpetually denouncing the evil.

Her Majesty the Queen

What struck me most forcibly as soon as I saw the Pope was his superiority to his portraits.

There was something in his face that his photographs had not prepared me for a spirituality, a refinement of soul, a spontaneous goodness.

Another person in whom I have noticed the same thing is Queen Mary.

I have only once seen Her Majesty at close quarters, but on that occasion the first thing that impressed me was that no picture I had previously seen of her conveyed an adequate idea of her personality: she is far more attractive than her photographs reveal.

WHAT I saw in the Pope's face, as indicated above, received confirmation from an incident I heard of later.

The Cardinal Secretary of State fell ill just as the Papal election was due, and in consequence the whole burden of making arrangements for the conclave fell on his youthful assistant, the present Cardinal Merry del Val.

It meant unremitting and exhausting toil for a young ecclesiastic with no previous experience of a like character to guide him.

On the evening of the exciting day when the final choice for the Papal chair had been made, he went into the Pope's private apartments with an armful of documents, saying: "Holy father, I am sorry to have to trouble you further after such an extremely tiring day, but these papers have long been awaiting signature and ought to be despatched without further delay."

Instantly the Pope turned to him with a sympathetic gesture and answered: "You talk to me of being tired? You, my son, have carried the heaviest load of us all and must be completely worn out. Go instantly and rest."

THE Cardinal afterwards confessed that he almost burst into tears at the words, so unexpected and paternal. Of all the throng of important people with whom he had been in touch day by day not one soul except the Pope himself had shown the smallest sign of either knowing or caring about the magnitude of his task and the strain he had endured in fulfilling it.

Oh, that word of appreciation; how much it can do when spoken at the right moment! How such sympathetic perception can lighten a load!

And how much harder the stern crises of life become when this is absent.

A BOGUS DUCHESS

THE SIREN IN SNAKESKIN SHOES

Woman Crook's Wonder Wardrobe

SHARP wits, a ready tongue and a wonder wardrobe constitute the chief assets of a pretty woman who is at present pursuing a most adventurous career.

Coupled with a cultivated ability in the art of make-up, these assets have been turned to criminal account in a manner which has seldom been surpassed.

Every coup perpetrated by this clever adventuress has been brought off with such polish and finesse that the police are faced with an unenviable task in trying to bring her to book.

No sooner do they commence investigations in respect of one crime than they receive word of another, carried out elsewhere with dazzling ease and rapidity.

Trading in titles

This elusive siren is presumed to be about thirty-five years of age. Her voice is well modulated and convincing. Her appearance is ever attractive, for her wonder wardrobe is composed of the most expensive and most fashionable garments.

Her real name, so far as we can conjecture, is Elsie Ellison, but she has innumerable aliases.

Latterly she has posed variously as a "duchess" and a "countess," while at times, to suit her criminal purposes, she has been content to adopt the less imposing prefix of "The Honourable Mrs. ——."

Ellison does not choose to follow in the footsteps of any other woman crook. She has her own methods, and, as has already been suggested, she has brought them to perfection.

Her procedure may be said to be as follows: Posing as a wealthy woman travelling round the world, she will take rooms in a well-situated house in some exclusive neighbourhood.

She "travels" with such an immense amount of luggage, and is so elegantly attired, that suspicion is never aroused.

Then, working cautiously, she proceeds to enquire fully into the movements of some titled or wealthy woman who she has already discovered resides near by.

She is most careful to note all her mannerisms and movements, at the same time endeavouring to find out what stores or shops the lady in question is in the habit of patronising, and whether she runs up big accounts.

Saucy scheme

Once in possession of all the information she desires, Ellison puts into operation a scheme which, for sheer effrontery, would sadly belittle the achievements of any crook in fiction.

Her first move is to disguise herself as nearly as possible to represent the lady whose movements she has been watching with such an eagle eye.

It is seldom that she is unable to select appropriate garments from her extensive wardrobe, and, armed with a forged visiting card, she drives in dignity to the store.

So clever is her make-up and so natural her behaviour, that she always succeeds in creating the impression that she is the distinguished customer she is impersonating.

The details of one specific exploit amongst her many recent successes will serve to show exactly how this brazen procedure works out in practice.

Only a few days ago Ellison drew up in a beautiful red car outside a

Elsie Elison

famous Knightsbridge stores. As usual she was magnificently gowned and was disguised admirably to represent a titled lady whose name we naturally withhold.

Her object, she explained to the respectful assistant who came forward to serve her, was to purchase some furs.

Doleful discovery

An impressive array of choice furs was produced at her command; but she did not, as a lesser crook might have done, exhibit any haste in making her selection.

After a long time spent in careful inspection and calm deliberation, she eventually expressed herself satisfied and departed in her car with a valuable parcel of furs.

It was not until they received a visit from their genuine customer that the great stores discovered how cleverly they had been duped.

In the same sort of way other traders have been imposed upon in all parts of the country, and in one coup or another Ellison has succeeded in obtaining large supplies of gowns, watches, diamond rings and other valuable loot as a result of her cleverly constructed schemes.

At times Ellison has also proved herself an expert in the gentle art of passing worthless cheques, and some of the names she has employed in her latest exploits are "Esme Beaumont-Ellison," "Elsa Beavan," "Elsa Chevasse" and "Marjory Ellison."

On some occasions, of course, these well-sounding aliases have been prefixed by spurious titles of "Honourable" and "Lady."

As may perhaps be imagined, her operations are not always confined to the class of crime described above, for one so talented must of necessity exhibit a certain amount of versatility.

False confidence

She has also followed the pleasant practice of staying at expensive and exclusive hotels in various parts of the country.

Here again her bearing and the accompaniment of a great array of luggage have inspired false confidence. She has lived in great style, running up formidable bills, which have eventually been "settled" with worthless cheques.

Her departure, too, has often coincided with the loss of various valuable articles by the hotel guests!

At present she appears to be giving London and the bigger provincial towns a rest, and is operating in Somerset.

In the alias of Maynard she recently stayed at a fashionable boarding-house and took the opportunity whilst there of perpetrating what is, to her, a fresh type of crime.

She advertised in several papers to the effect that she had some pedigree dogs and poultry for sale, which she would despatch immediately on receipt of the requisite fees.

The fashionable "Mrs. Maynard," with her pedigree stock, doubtless proved highly successful, but once again the climax was to come with the lady's disappearance.

When she had collected a generous post from applicants desirous of acquiring her dogs and poultry, she departed from her fashionable surroundings, her luggage increased by a desirable pile of cheques and postal-orders.

Needless to say, the senders have received nothing for their money.

In spite of her wonderful achievements, Ellison possesses one weakness which may yet prove her undoing. She invariably wears lizard or snakeskin shoes.

Points to follow up

But, meanwhile, she is undoubtedly making a very handsome livelihood by dint of her wit and wiles, and during her sojourn in Somerset she has been seen riding about in a magnificent blue touring-car.

Whether this is a renovated edition of her red car which played such a conspicuous part in her London exploits or not, it is sufficient indication of her prosperity.

It should be important, too, in aiding the police in their difficult task.

Elsie Ellison's weakness for snakeskin shoes and costly motor-cars presents two points which should render some assistance when it comes to tracing the movements of this very elusive lady.

Municipal Muddling

An Inconsistent Council

ONE of the most glaring examples of municipal muddling and inconsistency has been afforded by the Folkestone Town Council in its attitude towards the Sunday opening of places of amusement.

While everyone knows that opinions vary, one does not expect to find an august body of municipal officials wavering in their policy regarding any matter of public legislation.

Yet the Folkestone Council recently renewed a licence granting permission for Sunday opening of the Victoria Pier Pavilion and refused similar permission to the Electric Cinema and Playhouse in the same breath!

It must be admitted that certain members were quick to point out the injustice of such action, but the narrow margin of two votes finally set the seal on this glaring inconsistency.

Trying position

It is difficult to understand the attitude of those members who approved this ruling, for announcements in local papers make it clear that the council is not opposed to the more popular forms of entertainment being carried on on Sunday.

In various halls, pavilions and pleasure-gardens, concerts, variety entertainments and jazz bands are allowed without hindrance, and, indeed, are widely advertised.

Why, then, should the cinemas be frowned upon, particularly as the Pier Pavilion, which is allowed to open, includes film presentations in its variety shows?

It appears that the owner of the Pier Pavilion is himself a councillor, and was present at the meeting at which the question of the licensing was decided.

Preposterous ruling

While it is true that Mr. Forsyth, the gentleman in question, naturally took the only course possible, and abstained from voting either for or against his rival's application, we are a little surprised that he did not see fit to voice his opinion on the matter in open council.

There is another aspect which the council apparently did not bother to take into consideration at all, but which might well have weighed in favour of the unsuccessful applicant.

Dr. Rundle, the proprietor of the two unlucky cinemas, had made it quite clear in applying for a licence that 10 per cent. of his Sunday profits would be devoted to charities. So charity will also be a loser as a result of the council's erratic ruling.

We cannot see how the authorities can possibly abide by their decision without blushing at their own behaviour in the matter.

If they honestly disapprove of Sunday openings let them revoke all licences forthwith: it is preposterous to allow latitude to some and to deny it to others.

GREAT CHURCH MYSTERY

A TAINTED SOURCE OF INCOME

Urgent Case for Enquiry

THE Ecclesiastical Commissioners rank amongst the biggest landlords in the country, and they now hold a revered position in the eyes of the public.

It is estimated that they control several millions of money, and much of this has been derived from rents and charges upon valuable house property which, in one way or another, has come into the hands of the Commissioners during the eighty years for which their organisation has been in existence.

This property is distributed over the entire country, while in London alone it derives a considerable income as ground landlords in central places like Islington, St. Pancras, Lambeth, Newington and Paddington.

A sad stain

Though all will agree that careful management and shrewd administration alone could have brought about such a stupendous financial success in so short a time, there is one stain upon the fine record of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners which must be removed without delay.

In the Paddington area some of the property in which the Commissioners are interested as ground landlords includes houses which, although such an eventuality seems unthinkable, are used as flagrant haunts of vice!

Yet this sorry fact is true beyond all doubt. This unbelievable state of affairs does actually exist.

Let us consider one or two specific instances which substantiate the charges which it is necessary, in the interest of the Church and in the interest of public morality, to make.

At 42, Eastbourne Terrace, Paddington, there is an establishment which for some time has been run as a private hotel. It has about a dozen bedrooms, which have been persistently let to undesirable people.

Source of trouble

This establishment, which is called the Imperial Hotel, has constantly been a source of trouble to many honourable neighbours who have complained repeatedly to the Paddington Council about the annoyances caused by its questionable patrons.

The result was that the council, which had received many similar complaints regarding a number of other undesirable haunts in the same vicinity, instructed Messrs. John Hill and Son, solicitors, to prosecute the occupier of the Imperial Hotel.

A few days ago, therefore, a man named Arthur Sinclair was charged at Marylebone Police Court, on a warrant, with permitting the premises to be used for improper purposes.

We do not propose to deal here with the sordid details of the story, for it will suffice to say that evidence was given by the police to the effect that five unfortunate women were habitual patrons of the place.

Sinclair, in his defence, stated that he had only taken over the house about six weeks before the raid. He was purchasing it by instalments for £500, and had no knowledge of the true facts alleged against him.

Whether this be true or otherwise, the weight of evidence against him was such that he was fined £40 and costs.

If this were the only blot upon the premises at 42, Eastbourne Terrace it would be sufficient to justify an enquiry on the part of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in order to ascertain how it had come about that the property had been so persistently used as a den of infamy.

But, unfortunately, it is not an isolated instance. Only a month or so previously another man was fined for permitting *the same premises* to be used for immoral purposes, whilst in November last a woman was similarly fined for the same offence!

Three convictions in less than nine months in respect of this one house alone! Surely this reveals a most deplorable state of affairs and calls for immediate investigation on the part of the Commissioners.

Nor is that all. We are able to state that the Paddington Borough Council, and several people concerned in the vicinity, know that this hotel has the unique distinction of being the most persistent disorderly house in Paddington!

Public obligation

That this is not an understatement will be seen from the fact that Mr. C. V. Hill, the solicitor prosecuting in the case against Sinclair, quite definitely commented upon this point, condemning the premises as the worst in Paddington.

This is not the only instance of the kind which has occurred, and the question which remains to be asked is: Are the Ecclesiastical Commissioners fully alive to these lamentable facts?

Though they certainly cannot be held responsible for the behaviour which has gone on on the premises of which they are the ground landlords, they owe a great obligation to the public in general and the Church in particular.

In persistent instances they can at least take drastic action and exercise greater vigilance. For such an influential body as the Ecclesiastical Commissioners it should not be a difficult matter to keep a strict check upon those to whom property is rented.

This would have a marked effect and ensure that the premises were let only to respectable tenants who could be depended upon not to defile them.

The Bishop of London, whose strong views on morality are well known. As a member of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, we urge him to look into this grave scandal

A FATTED-CALF MERCHANT

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MUGS

JOHN BULL has ever warned its readers to be cautious in considering advertisements in which they are asked to send money in advance to unknown traders.

No better instance of the folly of listening to an advertiser's lure without thinking to make a few preliminary enquiries could be given than that of a Sussex reader, who recently parted with £20 of his hard-earned money in this way.

Attractive bait

He had been particularly attracted by an advertisement appearing in a trade paper, and because it seemed to spell unbelievable bargains he sent off his money without bothering to test the advertiser's *bona fides*. His trusting nature has been ill repaid.

The bait which first attracted him was worded as follows:—

"Calves—Ayrshire, the world's best dairy cow; the breed that won the London Dairy Show. Ayrshire Heifer Calves from deep milking, pure-bred Ayrshire cows; big strong calves for sale at 60s. each, carriage paid and safe delivery guaranteed."

To people interested in dairy-farming and stock-breeding this announcement reads extremely well, though, of course, the low price quoted for such cattle—"the breed that won the London Dairy Show"—would arouse suspicion in the minds of the bigger and more experienced dealers.

Small farmers, however, who have not the financial resources which enable their more fortunate colleagues to buy their beasts at the proper sales, may perhaps be forgiven for not viewing such glowing offers in the same cautious light.

The Sussex farmer concerned sent £20 for six "big strong calves" and awaited their delivery from the advertiser—a Mr. William Litster, whose only address is "Symington, Ayrshire"—a village with little more than six hundred inhabitants.

Useless efforts

The cheque for £20 was sent in February last. In the middle of March, as the beasts had not arrived, the farmer thought it advisable to let Mr. Litster have a letter of reminder.

He did so, but he might have spared himself the trouble, for the letter was ignored. To this day the calves have never been received.

Nor has anything more been heard of the £20, and all efforts to arouse Mr. Litster to a sense of his responsibility in the matter have been unavailing.

Bad record

We must confess that this does not greatly surprise us. A little investigation shows that Litster has a very bad record in regard to keeping his clients' money and not sending them the calves.

So bad is his reputation, indeed, that many newspapers have had to refuse his announcements because of the large number of complaints which reached them from readers who had been misled by former insertions.

A leading journal devoted to the dairy-farming and stock-breeding industries informs us that it has received many enquiries about Litster, and is consequently warning its readers to give him a wide berth.

Apart from the many complaints received during the past two years concerning his unsatisfactory transactions, civil proceedings have been taken against Litster on more than one occasion.

Judgments have been duly registered against him, but the net result of such proceedings has been that good money has simply been thrown after bad.

For even when the sheriff officers have been brought upon the scene they have been unable to recover anything, as Litster has no tangible effects!

Close the channels

In addition to the above facts, it is within our knowledge that the Chief Constable of Ayr has had several complaints about Litster, but as the transactions complained of amount to an offence that can only be dealt with by civil proceedings, nothing can be done.

We hope, however, that this publicity will put an end to Litster's advertising campaign, and we urge all newspapers to refuse his advertisements.

With all such channels closed to him he should find it more difficult to secure victims in the future.

BIG CLOTHING FRAUD

A £100,000 RAMP

"Jerry" Makes Merry

TRADERS generally are having a rough time. Their case is therefore made all the harder when orders are accepted and they then find themselves the unfortunate victims of conspiracy

A HUGE conspiracy has lately been operated in which manufacturers of textile goods have already sustained tremendous losses.

The conspirators operated between Berlin and London, the former being the scene of their initial activities, or, in other words, their "headquarters."

Branches of their very complicated organisation are distributed far and wide, in the East End of London, in Manchester, Dublin and Glasgow.

In this country the leading light would appear to be a man with many aliases, who is well known to the police and who is surrounded by a large number of alien confederates. He passes mostly by the name of "Morris," although he is known in the underworld as "Jerry."

Pre-arranged plot

A few months ago a concern set up in Berlin under the name of the Import and Export Company, with a man named Oskar Calow as its ostensible proprietor. It was housed in truly imposing offices, and commenced business on a big scale.

It began by ordering vast consignments of goods on credit, and at first all its bills were punctually and honourably settled.

The name of Calow and the Import and Export Company soon grew to be respected in the textile industry, but it was only part of a prearranged plot that this should be the case.

For vaster consignments were subsequently ordered until the commitments of the company suddenly reached the staggering figure of something like £100,000!

Oskar Calow could not pay, and creditors began to experience alarm, which gave way to panic when the Berlin office closed down.

Meanwhile, what had happened to the goods? For the answer to this question we must cross to London, where a whole chain of shady alien clothiers, running bogus businesses of the here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow type, were waiting in the wings.

To these people, then, the "missing" goods eventually passed, and we may hazard a shrewd guess as to what actually happened.

Faked books

Consignments were first of all despatched from Berlin to Hamburg, from whence, in turn, they were sent to the various confederates in this country, who entered them in their faked books as having been purchased in the ordinary way of business from the Import and Export Company.

Then, by arrangement, they were "resold" to "firms" in London, Manchester and Dublin *on credit* and disposed of.

Did the firms to which they were thus "resold" pay for them? Oh, dear, no!

For these firms were also run by alien confederates, who, after they had obtained money for the goods, went bankrupt and disappeared.

Oskar Calow was by this time in terrible (though prearranged) difficulties, and he gave as his explanation that he had not been paid for the goods that had been sent to London.

A representative of the Berlin creditors came to London in a futile endeavour to get to the bottom of the mystery. When he returned the Berlin police took the matter in hand but up to now no trace has been found of the missing £100,000.

Sir Henry Whitehead, President of the Prevention of Fraudulent Trading Association, which is doing a splendid work in stamping out textile frauds

This is not altogether surprising. With the clever jugglery referred to and the bogus bankruptcies, the goods, mostly rolls of valuable cloth, have now been sold and made into clothes!

The scheme has, therefore, worked very effectively because it would be almost impossible for defrauded manufacturers to identify the materials so cunningly obtained from them.

We are able to state, however, that much of the booty found its way to Ireland to a firm run by aliens who specialise in buying up stolen goods at reduced prices.

What they all say

This firm does a huge trade by "price-cutting," which it is enabled to do when it can obtain its raw material so cheaply.

The remaining loot was distributed amongst other similar "agents" in Glasgow, London and Manchester.

The other day a firm in Aldgate which had been thus employed went bankrupt according to plan. The alien in control had sustained heavy liabilities and was unable to account for something like £2,500 of the goods he had disposed of, but had failed to pay for.

He pleaded ignorance of British laws, claimed to be illiterate and could not give the required information concerning the missing goods as he himself could not understand his own books, which were admittedly very badly kept.

That, in effect, is pretty much what they all say, and in far too many cases they get away with it. In this particular instance the goods went to Ireland and were disposed of there by the "price-cutting" method already described above.

A FIRST-CLASS HASH

ANOTHER HOUSING FIASCO

Plots that Failed

OPTIMISM is a good thing generally. For such an important business as housing, however, other qualities are also necessary. People interested must see that these are in evidence

THE man who goes to Monte Carlo with a wonderful scheme to break the bank is not a greater optimist than the man who propounded a system for solving the housing problem in a daily newspaper a couple of years ago.

He failed to realise that ideas are two a penny, and that it is in the practical application of ideas that the difficulties lie.

A firm of builders named Anderson, Armstrong & Co., Ltd., of Forest Gate, E., read an article which suggested how, by co-operation on the part of those needing houses, it might be possible to build them.

It accordingly advertised for co-operators and in a pamphlet, entitled "Houses and How to Obtain Them," set forth a plan of their own, which they stated was inspired by the article in question.

Sad sequel

Their plan, briefly, was to persuade twenty people to deposit £30 each and pay a further £1 per week each for twenty-six weeks, a total subscription of £56 per head.

The balance of the money necessary was to be obtained by mortgage under the "Small Dwellings Acquisition Act."

This pamphlet was submitted to JOHN BULL for criticism when it was first published. We said that in view of the bitter disillusionment which had followed the flotation of weak-kneed housing schemes, the proper title of the pamphlet should be "Houses and How *Not* to Obtain Them."

The sequel is interesting, but sad. Anderson, Armstrong & Co. did not prove strong enough to raise even the £700 capital which we described as inadequate.

Their last return shows that only 325 shares were issued, on which only £238 had been paid, and that in addition, the whole of the company's assets had been mortgaged for a debt of £300.

Seventeen people were induced to become co-partners in one "area."

The deposits were paid into a joint account and one of the co-partners was elected treasurer and authorised to sign cheques in payment of land, materials and labour as the work proceeded.

Lots for plots

A site was selected in Beeby Road, West Ham, and the project became known as the "Beeby Road Housing Scheme."

The builders appear to have entered into a contract with the owner of the land to purchase seventeen plots for £48 apiece, paying a deposit of 10 per cent., agreeing to complete payment for each plot as each house was erected, and paying 6 per cent. interest on the balance of purchase-money outstanding.

The time-limit for completion of purchase of the entire lot was fixed at eighteen months. It was estimated and agreed that the houses should cost £500 apiece.

In a proper spirit of co-partnership, the investors in this scheme drew lots for plots and houses, and it was understood that the members drawing the first plot should have the first house.

Dismaying delay

Owing, however, to some difficulty in clearing the land which was occupied by allotment-holders, plot No. 15 was the first to be vacated, and on this plot the first house was erected.

So far from seventeen houses being erected within six months, it was considerably over twelve months before the first two were built, while the foundations of the remainder are still incomplete.

When the first house was completed and co-partner No. 15 had taken possession, the other co-partners were surprised to find that the purchase-money had been retained by Anderson, Armstrong & Co., instead of being paid into the joint banking account.

An action in the High Court followed, which resulted in an agreement being reached between the builders and the co-partners, whereby the former undertook to complete the scheme within fifty-six weeks.

On this condition they were allowed to retain the moneys to facilitate purchase of materials.

Poor co-partners!

Immediately this point was settled, another difficulty arose. The owner of the land demanded completion of the contract, the time-limit imposed having expired.

The builders were unable to complete and foreclosure followed, with the result that the landowner resumed possession of sixteen plots, one containing a nearly completed house, and several others prepared with drains and footings laid.

The second house was sold shortly afterwards by the landowner.

The net result of this "enterprise" is that sixteen co-partners have lost over £900. The landowner appears to be the only man who has profited.

He has sold two plots outright, and one house presumably worth nearly £500; the other plots have been materially improved, and he has received a deposit of about £80, plus about £70 in interest.

His agent has now offered the poor co-partners the remaining fifteen plots at £40 apiece on similar terms to those arranged with the builders.

The co-partners are unable to find words to express their feelings over this amazing fiasco. So are we.

MURDER MYSTERY: Amazing Hoax

AN AUTHOR'S STRANGE BEHAVIOUR

The Crook and the Detectives

A PARTLY successful attempt to hoax the two most wide-awake communities in the country, Scotland Yard and Fleet Street, has recently been perpetrated.

The attempt being as ingenious as it was audacious, Fleet Street fell, though Scotland Yard has retained unsullied its reputation for being 100 per cent. fool-proof.

Chapter I. of the story opens with the receipt of a telephone call at Scotland Yard itself. The caller, whose business was far too important to be dealt with by minor officials, asked to be put in touch with Chief Detective-Inspector Cooper. He gave his name as Mr. Netley Lucas.

Now Mr. Netley Lucas is well known as a writer of books of crime. He is the author of, to name only two of his works which have had a wide circulation, "A Crook's Confessions" and "The Autobiography of a Crook." Naturally Scotland Yard had heard all about him. It was all agog.

Hot "copy"

Mr. Lucas announced that he had at that moment in his office a man who had just been released from prison in Lille, and who while there had received a confession from another Englishman who had been incarcerated by the French authorities.

This confession was to the effect that he had been guilty of the murder of the landlady of the Cross Keys Inn, Chelsea, one of the great unsolved mysteries of London crime.

An appointment was made with this interesting lad from Lille, whose name transpired to be Stewart or O'Connor, and he was duly interviewed the next day by two Scotland Yard officials.

Meanwhile Mr. Netley Lucas, who, we had better explain, apart from being a successful author has also established a journalistic connection with Fleet Street, got in touch with various editors for the purpose of selling to them the very hot piece of "copy."

Fleet Street was no less interested than the Yard.

Confirmed suspicion

Some of the editors were satisfied that Scotland Yard was investigating the statements made by Mr. O'Connor, otherwise Stewart, and the sensational story appeared in an evening paper two Saturdays ago. Next day certain Sunday newspapers also published it.

Only after the newspapers were in circulation was it possible for them to learn that neither Chief Inspector Cooper nor any of his colleagues at the Yard intended to move one step in the matter.

A few enquiries into the antecedents of Mr. Netley Lucas' informant confirmed their first suspicions that he was a gentleman on whose word no credence could be placed. And so the Chelsea murder mystery remains unsolved.

The mystery of why the two of them should have gone to such elaborate pains to "spoof" Scotland Yard and Fleet Street is not very difficult to explain.

Newspapers have a habit of paying for interesting contributions, and presumably neither O'Connor nor Mr. Lucas had any intention of parting with the information for the mere vanity of seeing their names in print.

Although the newspapers cannot very well be blamed for publishing the story in good faith, we can hardly say the same of Mr. Lucas.

Assuming that he really believed O'Connor's story, he has proved to be surprisingly credulous for one who has been long enough in touch with the underworld to know that such gentlemen would "spoof" their own grandmothers for 5s.

The Chelsea murder story is not the first by any means that Netley has passed on to Fleet Street. It was only a fortnight before that a Sunday newspaper was induced to publish a no less sensational story, and one which it had every reason to believe was absolutely authentic.

This time the central figure was Colonel Rutherford, D.S.O., who was found guilty of murder eight years ago, but was admitted to be insane and was put away for life in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum.

Cause of secrecy

Mr. Lucas introduced a person who claimed to have been newly released from Broadmoor, and made the sensational announcement that Colonel Rutherford himself would be at liberty a few days later.

"Great secrecy," we were told, was being maintained by the Home Office authorities and the medical superintendent of Broadmoor, a fact which does not astonish us, for they had never heard of the intended release until Mr. Lucas's Broadmoor friend made the announcement.

There is also the entertaining little story of the "Gathering of the Chinese Clans" or Tongs in London.

The gathering, we were told, was "timed to commemorate the Festival of Yang-Vee-Li," with the accent on the last syllable, who, we were informed, is the Chinese God of Marriage.

Part of the gathering would be the holding of judiciary courts to try under Chinese law any offenders against the well-being of Chinese in the West. Sentences would be passed just as if Mr. J. A. R. Cairns of Thames Police Court himself had presided.

We will say no more than to give Mr. Netley Lucas and Mr. O'Connor a broad hint as to caution in concocting sensational crime stories.

Neither Fleet Street nor Scotland Yard likes practical jokes of this kind, and the latter, of course, can always hit back.

Mr. Netley Lucas

An Invidious Distinction

Lamentable G.P.O. Attitude

THAT preference in the matter of employment should be accorded to those men who served their country during those four vivid years of war is in every way desirable; but few people will be able to understand why distinctions should be drawn between the time-serving man and the temporary volunteer.

Yet a very drastic distinction is being drawn by the G.P.O.

Natural preference

It is only natural that a Government department employing some hundreds of thousands of men should give preference to ex-sailors or ex-soldiers of good character when vacancies occur; but the G.P.O. takes it upon itself to split such applicants up into two groups, "professional men" and "hostility men."

By professional men it means those who served prior to the war, while a hostility man is intended to imply one who joined the forces in 1914, whether as a "regular" or not.

Let us take the case of William Sanders, who, like countless others, threw up good employment to answer the call to war. He served from 1914, was twice wounded, and finally discharged with an excellent character.

Thrown on the labour market through no fault of his own, and possessing excellent references, he applied for employment as a postman. He could not even be considered because he was not a "professional" soldier.

Of course, innumerable instances could be cited to show how deserving men, who have served their country well in time of stress and who have borne indescribable pain and suffering, have been thus "turned down" on an invidious technical ruling.

Fairness to all

If distinctions are to be made let them at least be just.

Let preference be shown to those who have sustained wounds rather than to those who were fortunate enough to come through the ordeal unscathed; but give every man who served during the war fair and unbiased consideration.

Roberts' Repeated Ramps

A Bad Egg Investment

ADVERTISING under a box number, Mr. Albert F. Roberts, of Oxendon Street, Haymarket, London, S.W., has been endeavouring to interest unemployed people in a venture known as "The Egg and Poultry Direct Supply Company."

Involved scheme

Applicants are told that they will be required to take control of certain country districts and to supervise the collection of eggs from various farmers in their area.

Salary would be £4 per week, plus expenses.

After carrying out these duties for six or seven weeks, each applicant would be appointed to a "sub-depôt," and would be in sole charge of a specified area, with a guaranteed salary of £250 per annum.

Meanwhile, a concern known as the International Industrial Trust Corporation, Incorporated, would be floated in order to take over supreme control of the entire operations.

Applicants would be required to put in a probationary period under the Trust, but if they proved satisfactory they would ultimately be granted commission in addition to their salary.

There was one drawback to this involved scheme, however. Before any applicant could be accepted it would be necessary to pay Mr. Roberts the sum of £10 "as a sign of good faith."

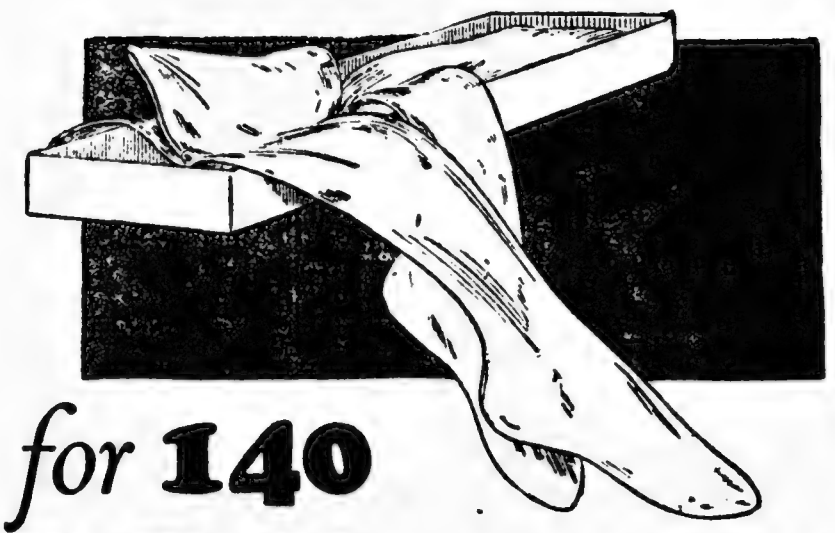
Ten pounds is not a very great sum, but there are very good reasons why this offer should be regarded with disfavour.

Doubtful habit

This is not the first time that Roberts has asked for cash deposits in return for employment of this sort. In fact, he seems to have made a practice of it for some time past.

When we add that he has served at least three terms of imprisonment in connection with his past ventures, the public will understand that the "sign of good faith" should really be made by Roberts himself, and not by the job-seekers.

Pure Silk Stockings FREE



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20 for 11½d
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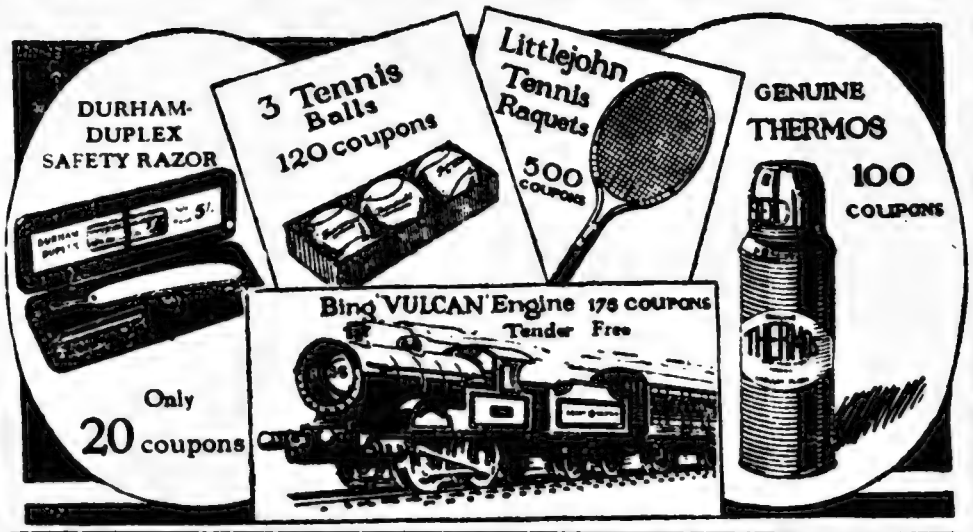


"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

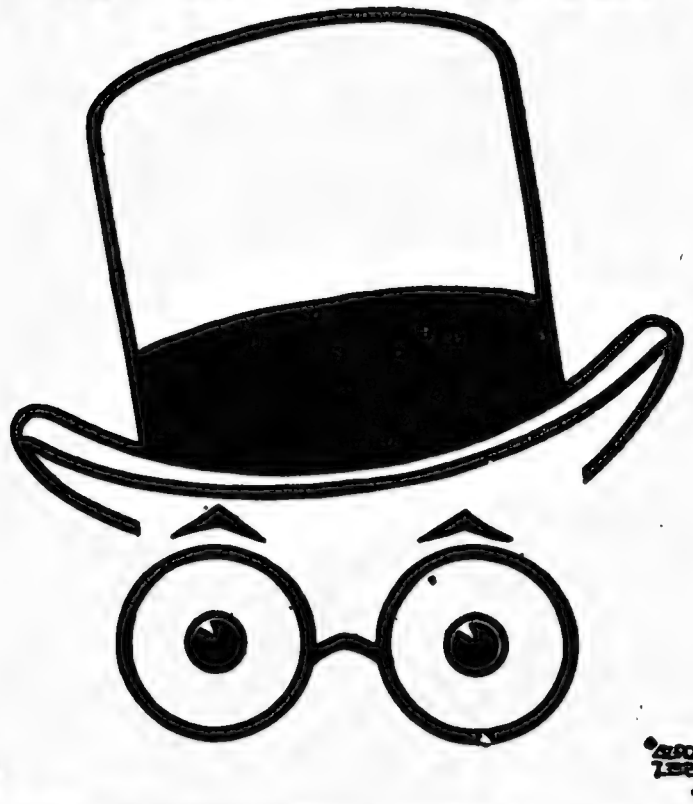
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

I'm Plain Mr York of York, Yorks



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(A.J. 98 Dept.), 46/7, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1.

At the Liberal Summer School which opens this week our contributor is going to stress the importance of a high-wage policy. He has written this article specially for John Bull, embodying in it what he proposes to say.

It Pays to Pay!

by B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE

To talk about "economy" satisfactorily, it is necessary to take the word in its broad sense. As we know, the real meaning of the word is house-management. A good housewife will sometimes save, sometimes spend, sometimes buy cheap things and sometimes dear things. But the real province of her economy is not hoarding, but the wise use of all the resources at her disposal.

So it is with the nation, and I must approach my subject from a national standpoint. For the attitude of a right-thinking man must be to regard every policy not merely as it affects a particular trade or individual, or even one social group, but as it affects the nation. Indeed, a sound policy must go further, and aim at the advantage not only of all classes, but all nations.

I sometimes hear men say that they take no interest in politics, as indifferently as they might say that they took no interset in golf. But politics are not an end in themselves; they are simply a machine for realising ideals which cannot be realised without them. We are poor citizens and we have little enthusiasm for our own ideals if we take no interest in politics.

Precept and practice

But our interest must be genuine and single-hearted. Adherence to a political Party, like adherence to a religious body, carries with it certain definite obligations.

There are Christians whose Christianity begins and ends at the church door, and there are people who believe in a political creed whose belief ceases when they come down from the platform.

Now, we shall all agree that it is in the interest of the community that all grades of workers should receive reasonable living wages. But we know to-day that is not the case. At the beginning of this century, it was estimated by careful investigators that one-ninth of the working-class population of England was living in primary poverty.

In other words, even if every sixpence of the earnings of the whole family were put into the common purse, and spent on the barest necessaries by a housewife who knew the dietetic value of all the various foodstuffs, even if not a penny in the year was allowed for a newspaper, a glass of beer, or a postage-stamp, the total income would still be insufficient to keep the household in a state of physical efficiency. And more than half this "primary poverty" was the result of low wages.

Universal challenge

If similar investigations were undertaken now, we should certainly see a substantial improvement. Nevertheless, from close study of such figures as are available, I am confident that even now millions of our fellow-citizens are living in primary poverty, much of which is directly due to low wages, and not to such accidental causes as illness or unemployment.

This state of things is a tremendous challenge to everyone, a challenge all the more insistent when we contrast the lot of our own unskilled workers with that of similar workers in America or in the British dominions.

That such poverty exists in the mother country herself not only shames a great Empire; it makes the very words mother country sound like a grim irony!

But a low standard of living among great masses of people cannot be raised by sympathy without action, or even by sympathetic action without intelligence. Under whatever form of government we live, and whatever industrial system we adopt, we are bound to face economic facts, and one of these is that we cannot get a quart out of a pint pot.

Wealth's responsibilities

The plain truth is that the nation is considerably poorer than it ought to be. But that is not to excuse the present bad distribution. The smaller the total amount of wealth, the more desirable it is to utilise it as fairly and wisely as possible.

I am not suggesting that anyone should refrain from acquiring wealth. In the complex economic world in which we live, it is not easy to regulate the sum which we receive as investors or as manufacturers or merchants.

But to say this is not to excuse the acquisition of wealth regardless of the conditions under which it is created. If a nation, a political Party or a firm ignores that responsibility, it loses its ethical justification, and its only abiding dynamic.

I think that the sound industrialist should be prepared to say: "No return shall be paid to capital beyond its minimum wage till Labour is receiving a reasonable living wage." By the minimum wage of capital I mean a return sufficient to keep the business in a financially healthy condition, and attract further supplies of capital as these may be required.

Labour itself should be furnished with sufficient information to enable it to judge whether employers are complying with that condition.

Of course, employers should know what the term "a living wage" implies, and should not be satisfied merely with paying current wages. I suggest that, speaking roughly, a minimum sum of about 60s. a week is necessary, at present prices, to enable a family of five to live in modest comfort in a town.

How to increase the nation's wealth

But the adoption of such a minimum for adult males would mean a very substantial addition to the wage fund, especially as the wages of skilled workers would rise in sympathy with those on the minimum scale. Therefore, we come to the question of how to increase the nation's total wealth, with a view to increasing wages.

Two of the prime requirements of British industry are a larger foreign trade and a larger home market. Now the key to the whole situation lies in lowering labour costs, as well as other costs of production, while at the same time steadily increasing the real earnings of the employees.

The higher the level of real earnings throughout the country, the greater will be the demand for goods and the greater the stimulus to production.

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There is one other aspect of the question which we must not neglect. If we want to raise the level of wages, we must not only eliminate waste in industry, but waste in national expenditure, since all such waste renders our industrial problem more difficult.

Let us remember this in connection with expenditure upon armaments, and let us realise that in working for international peace we are not only working for something infinitely worth while in itself, but for something which will benefit the workers everywhere.

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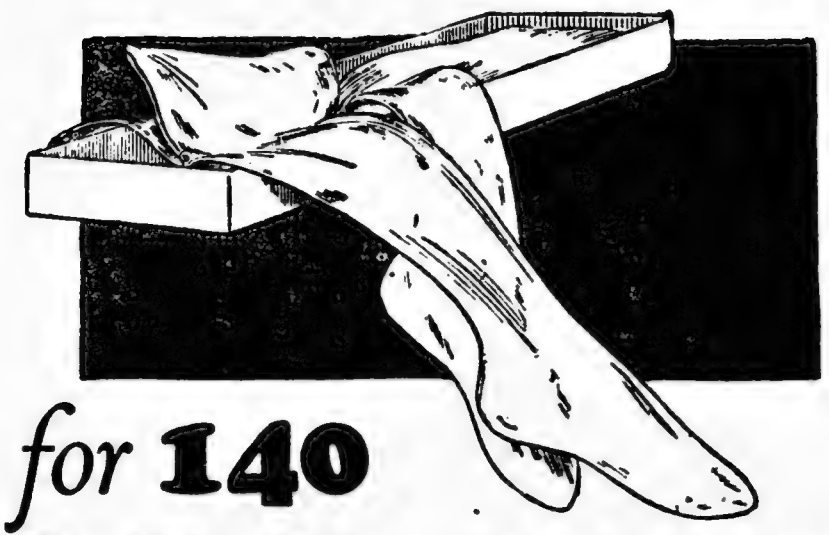

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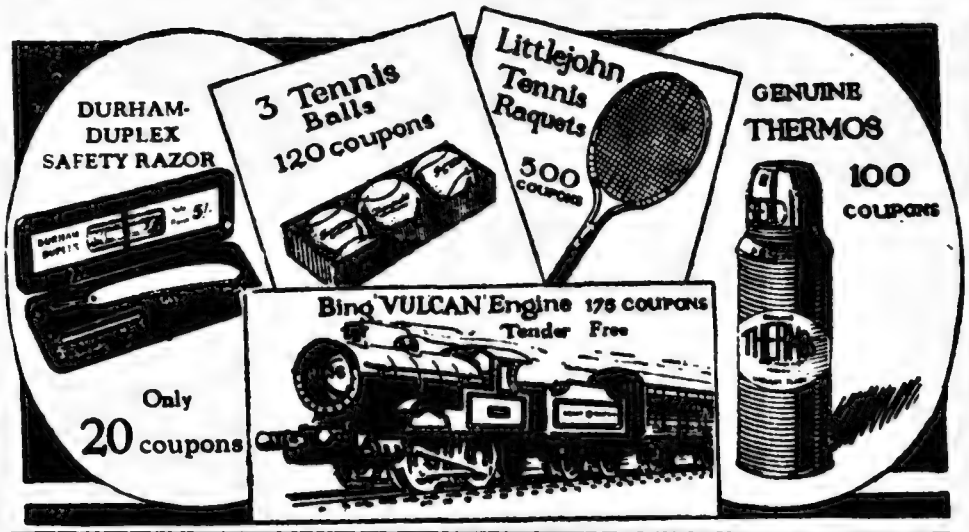
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ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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(A.J. 98 Dept.), 46/7, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1.

At the Liberal Summer School which opens this week our contributor is going to stress the importance of a high-wage policy. He has written this article specially for John Bull, embodying in it what he proposes to say.

It Pays to Pay!

by B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE

To talk about "economy" satisfactorily, it is necessary to take the word in its broad sense. As we know, the real meaning of the word is house-management. A good housewife will sometimes save, sometimes spend, sometimes buy cheap things and sometimes dear things. But the real province of her economy is not hoarding, but the wise use of all the resources at her disposal.

So it is with the nation, and I must approach my subject from a national standpoint. For the attitude of a right-thinking man must be to regard every policy not merely as it affects a particular trade or individual, or even one social group, but as it affects the nation. Indeed, a sound policy must go further, and aim at the advantage not only of all classes, but all nations.

I sometimes hear men say that they take no interest in politics, as indifferently as they might say that they took no interset in golf. But politics are not an end in themselves; they are simply a machine for realising ideals which cannot be realised without them. We are poor citizens and we have little enthusiasm for our own ideals if we take no interest in politics.

Precept and practice

But our interest must be genuine and single-hearted. Adherence to a political Party, like adherence to a religious body, carries with it certain definite obligations.

There are Christians whose Christianity begins and ends at the church door, and there are people who believe in a political creed whose belief ceases when they come down from the platform.

Now, we shall all agree that it is in the interest of the community that all grades of workers should receive reasonable living wages. But we know to-day that is not the case. At the beginning of this century, it was estimated by careful investigators that one-ninth of the working-class population of England was living in primary poverty.

In other words, even if every sixpence of the earnings of the whole family were put into the common purse, and spent on the barest necessaries by a housewife who knew the dietetic value of all the various foodstuffs, even if not a penny in the year was allowed for a newspaper, a glass of beer, or a postage-stamp, the total income would still be insufficient to keep the household in a state of physical efficiency. And more than half this "primary poverty" was the result of low wages.

Unive-sal challenge

If similar investigations were undertaken now, we should certainly see a substantial improvement. Nevertheless, from close study of such figures as are available, I am confident that even now millions of our fellow-citizens are living in primary poverty, much of which is directly due to low wages, and not to such accidental causes as illness or unemployment.

This state of things is a tremendous challenge to everyone, a challenge all the more insistent when we contrast the lot of our own unskilled workers with that of similar workers in America or in the British dominions.

That such poverty exists in the mother country herself not only shames a great Empire; it makes the very words mother country sound like a grim irony!

But a low standard of living among great masses of people cannot be raised by sympathy without action, or even by sympathetic action without intelligence. Under whatever form of government we live, and whatever industrial system we adopt, we are bound to face economic facts, and one of these is that we cannot get a quart out of a pint pot.

Wealth's responsibilities

The plain truth is that the nation is considerably poorer than it ought to be. But that is not to excuse the present bad distribution. The smaller the total amount of wealth, the more desirable it is to utilise it as fairly and wisely as possible.

I am not suggesting that anyone should refrain from acquiring wealth. In the complex economic world in which we live, it is not easy to regulate the sum which we receive as investors or as manufacturers or merchants.

But to say this is not to excuse the acquisition of wealth regardless of the conditions under which it is created. If a nation, a political Party or a firm ignores that responsibility, it loses its ethical justification, and its only abiding dynamic.

I think that the sound industrialist should be prepared to say: "No return shall be paid to capital beyond its minimum wage till Labour is receiving a reasonable living wage." By the minimum wage of capital I mean a return sufficient to keep the business in a financially healthy condition, and attract further supplies of capital as these may be required.

Labour itself should be furnished with sufficient information to enable it to judge whether employers are complying with that condition.

Of course, employers should know what the term "a living wage" implies, and should not be satisfied merely with paying current wages. I suggest that, speaking roughly, a minimum sum of about 60s. a week is necessary, at present prices, to enable a family of five to live in modest comfort in a town.

How to increase the nation's wealth

But the adoption of such a minimum for adult males would mean a very substantial addition to the wage fund, especially as the wages of skilled workers would rise in sympathy with those on the minimum scale. Therefore, we come to the question of how to increase the nation's total wealth, with a view to increasing wages.

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Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PREMIER,—Many good wishes are accompanying you across the Atlantic, not least from those interested in events of August 7. On that date the Prince of Wales and yourself will meet General Dawes and Mr. Kellogg, standing on the bridge built across Niagara River, to commemorate the hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States. What is possible in one part of the world is possible in another. Our future aim must be, not more great monuments of war, but more great bridges of peace. By this meeting both you and the Prince are expressing your willingness to help. JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Hon. Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, M.P.,
President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR SIR,—You quote the old tag that we are a nation of shopkeepers, and urge upon us the vital importance of becoming an Empire of Salesmen also. To further this desirable end you suggest that we should be wise to make fuller use of our young men, of whom the Universities and Public Schools turn out such numbers, in our attack upon the markets of the world. I agree that the old-time contention that there was something degrading in commerce was false and snobbish, and I am glad that it is fast completely dying out. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir ALFRED MOND, M.P.,
Lowndes Square, S.W.

DEAR SIR ALFRED,—You are a comforting prophet, and I trust that time will justify your optimism. You believe that as the result of chemical research the next five years will see the dawn of a new productive era in Britain. You recognise, however, that the co-operation of labour is essential to success, and you yourself are basing your plans on the principles of profit-sharing works' councils, welfare schemes and the like. I am convinced you are travelling along the right road. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.,
Unity House, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—You express a true democratic note when you declare that you would rather see your son a good engine-driver and your daughter a good dressmaker than either a poor teacher. Let us have proficiency in useful trades at all costs. It is the educated craftsman, not the leisured fool, who is truly independent. Trained brains have learned not only how to think, but how to act for the best. JOHN BULL.

To Sir RICHARD REDMAYNE, K.C.B., C.B.,
Formerly Chief Inspector of Mines.

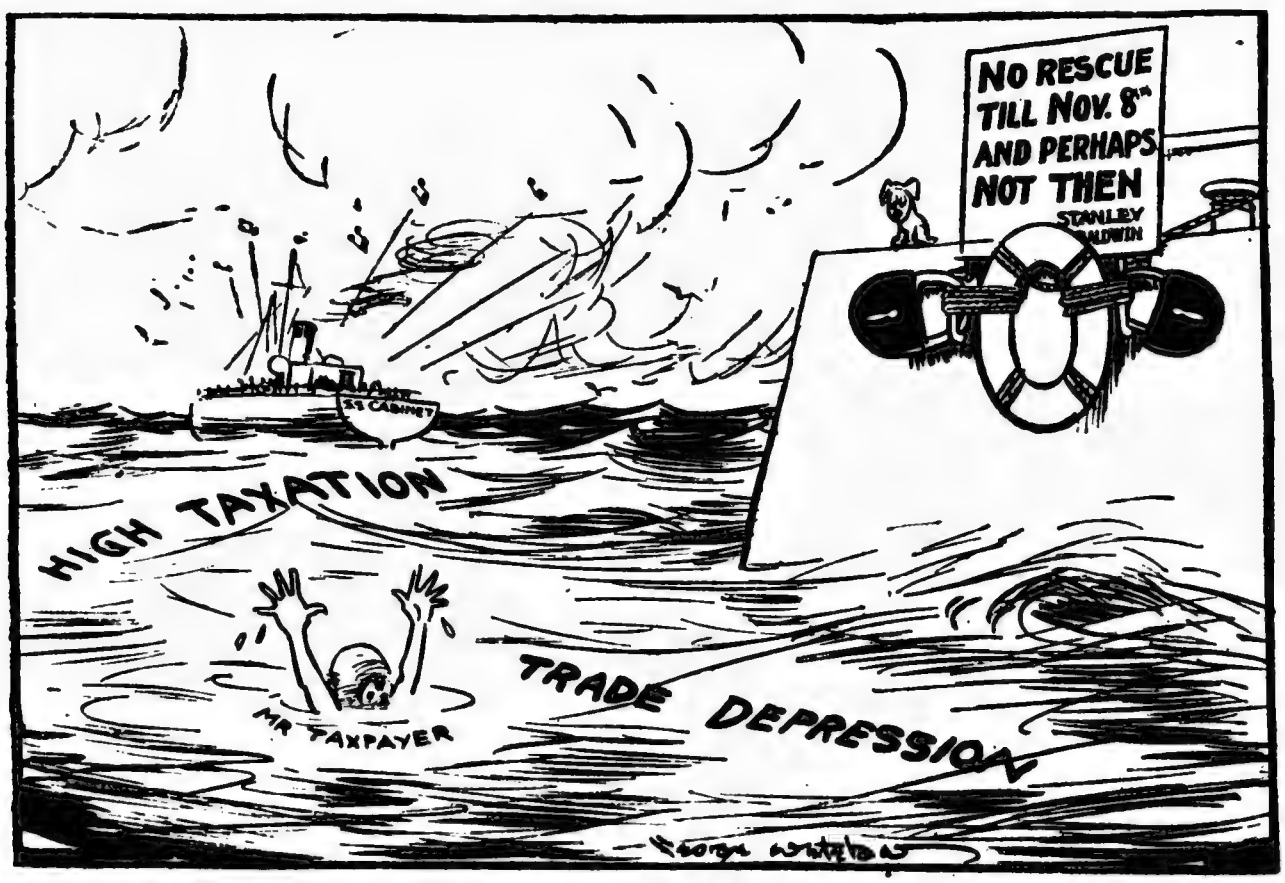
DEAR SIR,—You have never known the coal industry as bad as at the present time and foresee, if it does not improve, that half the collieries in Great Britain will be idle, but you add "Presumably times will improve." For that optimistic note I thank you. Pessimism hinders effort, and it is always darkest just before the dawn. JOHN BULL.

To Sir JOSIAH STAMP, G.B.E.,
Executive President, L.M.S. Railway.

DEAR SIR,—Your pointing out of the economic effects of disarmament is timely. A reduction of national expenditure in that direction would raise the standard of life of the people more than any other. Suppressing production for destruction is bound to result in increased production for the common good, a fact too often kept in the background. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. W. ROBERTSON,
Medical Officer of Health, Edinburgh.

DEAR SIR,—Last year the terrific sum of £23,000 was spent in your city in treating those suffering from one form or another of venereal disease. You complain that instead of trying to control this dreadful scourge politicians are afraid to legislate. Perhaps, through undue reticence on the part of the medical profession, they do not realise the awful need. Facts should be known, and in particular all young people warned of danger before it is incurred. JOHN BULL.



ANOTHER HOLIDAY TRAGEDY

To the Hon. Mr. JUSTICE BRANSON,
Old Bailey, London.

DEAR SIR,—In passing upon Oscar Dawkins, a negro jazz drummer, the severe sentence of five years' penal servitude, you announced your intention of putting down the practice of carrying pistols in this country. That was wise. The handier the weapon the more likely it is to be used. It was sheer luck for Dawkins that he was not arraigned on the capital charge. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor G. DAVISON,
Hartlepool Board of Guardians.

DEAR SIR,—In response to a complaint that a local able-bodied man had drawn out-relief for close upon six years, you replied that it was unfair to stigmatise the whole body of workers because of a few shirkers. I agree that the great bulk of the men on the "dole" are honest and industrious, and to blame them because of the blundering of self-seeking politicians is scandalously unjust. JOHN BULL.

To SISTER FOWLER,
Queen's Hospital for Children, Bethnal Green, E.

DEAR MADAM,—My good wishes go with you into your well-earned retirement, which I trust you may long have health and strength to enjoy. Trained at the hospital, you stayed on in its service for forty-five years, and have given the best of your life to the children. However long or short your remaining years, you will never die. You will live on in the hearts of numbers whom you have succoured. JOHN BULL.

To Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE, LL.D.,
Carlyle Square, Chelsea.

DEAR MADAM,—You and your husband have abandoned your autumn season and your Christmas Shakespearian production in order to join the Old Vic. Company, which is to perform at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, whilst the alterations are in progress at the Victoria Hall. It cannot be doubted that this will mean a great financial sacrifice, and it is pleasant to think that there are still people in the world who value their art and the opportunity to uplift beyond wealth. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. BEN TILLETT,
Transport House, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—Though, as you say, the agricultural labourer is the greatest worker of all, and of much more value to the nation than the bulk of the aristocracy, he is the lowest paid, and his economic security is daily growing less. It is a pity that you cannot force this truth upon the powers that be, for then a period might be put to their suicidal policy. I fear, however, that it is a case of none being so blind as those who will not see, and that nothing but dire disaster will work the miracle. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

THE PRIME MINISTER:—"It is only by up-to-date methods of salesmanship that we can increase our trade."

Plus having goods fit to offer at a price customers can afford to pay.

* * *

MR. GUINNESS:—"It would be a bad day for agriculture if we began subsidising it."

Every day will be a bad day for agriculture until we attack the root of the trouble, which is the land.

* * *

SIR ROBERT HORNE:—"Advertising not only anticipates needs, but creates wants."

Which in thousands of cases must remain waifs unless unemployment is solved.

* * *

BISHOP OF LINCOLN:—"Formerly people regarded democratic rule as the ideal form of government, but I do not think any are so foolish as to believe that now."

Sentiments that help to explain why organised Christianity is not so popular as formerly.

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

LET'S HAVE GOOD WILL!

DEAD HANDS AT THE HELM

The Curse of Party Strife

IF anyone had chanced to be in Piccadilly the other morning they would have seen a sight almost without parallel in the history of the country.

Piccadilly is now being uprooted and hundreds and hundreds of men had gathered in the hope that at last work would be available for them. Poverty had trekked to Piccadilly even from far-away Lancashire and distant Wales hoping to get work.

There were at least a hundred men for every ten jobs available. "They were," said one official, "pitifully anxious to work." But work was not there for more than a mere fraction of the vast crowd.

Almost at the same time as this heartbroken army assembled in Piccadilly the Archbishop of York thought it opportune to say something on the question of work.

"What the country needs of us at the present time," he said, "is work—hard work. It so happens, however, that now the need is clamant we are surrounded with more temptations and opportunities for slackness and amusement than at any previous time in our history. All sorts of young fellows regard work chiefly as an intrusion on pleasure."

THE worst of people who deliver themselves of their views in public is that so few take the trouble to acquaint themselves with facts. It may be true, as it probably is true, that "what the country needs of us at the present time is work." That is a cheap generalisation that does not carry us very far.

"A country" after all means at bottom the people who live in it, and there are over a million of these people who desperately want to work and to work hard and who cannot find the work to do.

To-day there are tens of thousands of young fellows who, far from regarding work "chiefly as an intrusion on pleasure," have come to regard it as a luxury reserved for the favoured few.

Their souls are being seared and soured by the steady grind of hopeless poverty, and it would have better befitted the Archbishop had he addressed some scathing words to those who are wanting in their duty by failing to set these men to work than to waste his breath in addressing himself to a practically non-existent class of young men.

WE cannot imagine a more appalling situation than has apparently overtaken this country, for we have dully resigned ourselves apparently to a permanent body of unemployed in our midst of a million able-bodied men.

There are those who would have us believe that the majority of men "on the dole" would not work if they could. We do not believe that that applies to any but a mere trifling minority of the men.

The urgent task of statesmanship is still, as it was when this Government was placed in power, to bring together the men who want to work and the work that waits to be done.

Mr. Baldwin's administration swept into office with the triumphant cry that it had a positive remedy for unemployment. Not only has it not produced that remedy, but it has never made the slightest attempt to do so.

It is no great credit to a Cabinet, even though it can settle the fate of continents and guide the destinies of entire nations, if it cannot provide a workless man with a job. The curse of Party politics is the dead hand that is holding back prosperity in this country.

We shall never cease to assert that this problem of unemployment is capable of solution the moment good will and determination take the place of Party strife, and the brains of every Party are bent in an earnest effort towards the finding of the way out.

The Archbishop of York (the Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, D.D.), who has expressed the opinion that work is chiefly regarded by some as an intrusion on pleasure

THE TWO-EDGED SWORD

SOCIALISM'S NEW BACKER

FEW words, of recent years, have been more bandied about than—"combines," "amalgamation" and "competition." Whole-hearted Socialists have always believed, and preached, that it is only by way of complete elimination of all competition that economic salvation can be reached.

"The State" must "take over" not only the great public services, to be administered in the public interests, but, by a process of gradualism, every branch of industry, from the food supply and wearing apparel down to the smallest common article of daily use.

With equal vehemence all combines or amalgamations of industry on the employers' side are denounced as utterly opposed to everybody's interests, save those of the sordid and selfish few who run them for gain.

These and similar diatribes from those in favour of State control for everything are familiar enough to have grown stale.

That they have suddenly flamed into view with new interest is due to their being uttered from a very different source. In hearing the petition of John Stephens and Sons, Ltd., wire-rope manufacturers, of Ashfield, Bewdock, Cornwall, Mr. Justice Eve, in the Chancery Division, used the occasion to express in unequivocal terms his hatred of all amalgamations and combines.

"It must be contrary to public policy. If manufacturers choose to combine to keep up prices they are entitled to do so, but they must not expect intelligent people to believe they do so from philanthropic or patriotic motives. They do so for the purposes of gain only."

That is, in one sense, true. But to state it, as Mr. Justice Eve did, without qualification, is to present a lop-sided view.

We ourselves have consistently denounced the "ring round the house," and all other rings, combinations and amalgamations formed with the express object of squeezing out all competitors and keeping up prices. That is against public welfare.

On the other hand, combination to prevent waste, to lower overhead costs and to promote advantageous buying, if—and we admit it to be a big "if"—there is behind the deal a sincere desire to serve the public, is quite another thing.

We may hope that in some Utopian day the spirit of service will be the only one informing business. At present there is no such possibility. A business must pay or go bankrupt. But there is a halfway house, and many big businesses have already found it.

By combination and co-operation they are able to buy economically and the public to reap the benefit in cheaper prices.

It is the spirit behind the business that matters. And that, in terming all amalgamation "a villainous and mischievous form of finance," is what Mr. Justice Eve failed to point out.

MAKING A START

Real Religion

"CHRISTIAN congregations" in and around Manchester are tackling the better housing of the very poor.

Twenty-four houses, now about completed, have been placed at the disposal of persons utterly unable to pay the ordinary economic rent.

Numerous corporations are at the moment making valiant efforts to cope with the appalling housing conditions into which this country has sunk.

They are making experiments, with flats, with block tenements, with small houses of this, that and the other type.

Rooms to house a family are being squeezed into the minimum of space. New materials, some of them very nasty, are being employed.

But when municipal effort has done its best, there remains one tragic problem unsolved.

Under existing conditions public funds can only be invested if they bring fair returns.

The economic rent must be charged for municipal houses, and this, even when cut down to the minimum, the poorest people cannot pay.

In Manchester and Salford the Churches have come to the rescue. The money for building the houses has been subscribed by way of share capital, loan stock and donation.

But, and here is the main factor, no one who lends money to the scheme is to receive more than 2½ per cent. interest.

In this way it is possible to fix a rent which a poor working man with a family can pay.

We have often arraigned the Churches for their aloofness from the terrible social conditions existing to-day.

In Manchester and district they are setting a noble example and showing the better way.

A Day to Remember

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

EACH year we make November 11, Armistice Day, a Day of Remembrance. Let us make August 4 each year an Anniversary of Determination. On November 11 we remember the end with sorrow; let us, on August 4, determine with joy that it was indeed the end.

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., an untiring worker in the cause of peace

WE shall none of us forget August 4 thirteen years ago. The hate, the insanities and the passions that had been boiling up for years suddenly flowed over and, without the slightest warning, the innocent peoples of Europe found themselves at one another's throats, driven there at the behest of a handful of statesmen who were visiting their own sins on the heads of their peoples.

We celebrate each year, and rightly, the date on which this cauldron of evil ceased to boil. Armistice Day has become an established ceremony in the life of the nation.

I should like to see a similar and even more solemn ceremony instituted as each August 4 comes round.

For while we acclaim with gladness the ending of the greatest and most destructive war that ever befouled the face of humanity, we let the intervening months slip by without protest while prophecy after prophecy is uttered as to what will happen when the next war comes.

Damnable denial

The next war! The very phrase is a damnable denial of everything for which the dead of every country laid down their lives!

Millions and millions of men went out to Flanders field and died, if not joyously at least willingly, in the belief that their sacrifice would rid the world for ever of this awful menace.

We who were left know only too well that the sacrifice was largely in vain. Make no mistake about it. The devil's pot is simmering once more. Nothing prevents Europe being once more embroiled except the poverty that the last war left.

We are granted a breathing space, but not a cessation.

Whether the sacrifice of a million British lives shall for ever remain in vain is something that is in our hands. It is in the hands of every man and woman, be their station high or low.

The celebration that we hold on November 11 each year is a debt to the dead and one that can never be repaid. The ceremony we should hold on August 4 is a duty we owe to the living.

Never again!

On that day each year I should like to see every man and woman who has any regard for the beautiful things of life, who values happiness, who wants to see their children grow into happy, healthy men and women, bind themselves by all they hold sacred and dear to work without ceasing that these things may never be again.

Each year the nation should take a national vow. Each year we should one and all work without ceasing to translate that vow into practical politics.

My greatest quarrel with war is not that of the majority of people who oppose war. I hate war chiefly because it is so extraordinarily silly.

I do not see any sense in men who have no quarrel with one another going out and carving each other into bloody fragments solely because other men, whom they do not even know, imagine they have a quarrel. It is not common-sense.

You can set up all the Leagues of Nations you like; you can have all the Locarno Treaties you like; you can hold as many conferences at Geneva as you like.

No matter what machinery you set up, no matter what plans you prepare, they will all fall to the ground at the first hint of war unless behind them, solid and immovable, is the will of the people.

It must be the common people, people like you and me, who must say and mean that war shall never happen again.

The great fault with all of us is that we expect other people to do these things for us.

We expect a handful of not very intelligent politicians to keep the peace of the world.

We expect a small body of men who, after all, are just like other men, to perform miracles and prevent international hatreds and irritations from breaking out into open flame.

Real keepers of the peace

What we simply will not realise is that no war lord ever born could plunge his people into war if his people refused to be so plunged. Every time and all the time the decision is ours and ours alone.

We and not governments are the real makers of war and the real keepers of the peace. We can have war or we can have peace just when and how we like.

It is not enough as each August 4 comes round to sit back complacently and remember that this was the date on which civilisation was plunged into the melting-pot.

It is not enough to sit back with the pious hope that we shall never again be so foolish as to allow it to recur. It will recur and recur soon unless we are more positive than that.

It is the eternal tragedy of war that it is the very finest and noblest feelings of the common people that are exploited by those who find their profit in setting the common peoples of the world at each other's throats.

There is nothing base, nothing ignoble in the man who goes to war at his country's call. The baseness and the ignobility lie in the man who sends him to fight the quarrel that he is afraid to fight himself.

For that, if for nothing else, the common people should refuse to be exploited.

Day of Determination

In a very striking article the other day Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., said that what everyone should tell his Government, no matter in what land he lives, is that no power on earth "will make us use these diabolical engines against our innocent comrades whom you call our enemy."

Let us say to the would-be war-makers, he said: "They are not our enemy. You are our enemy. You cannot dupe us any longer. We know the truth. You may give the signal, we shall not obey."

It is some such pledge as this that every sane man and woman should take each year as August 4 comes round.

To pledge ourselves to this, to work for this, is the most solemn duty to ourselves and our fellows that we can have.

We owe a debt to the dead who died that their children and their children's children should be spared the hell they knew.

For the dead went to war that we might have peace. Dare we refuse to make their dream a reality?

We can do it if we will; we must do it.

We make November 11 a Day of Remembrance; let us make August 4 a Day of Determination.

So this

Justice is too valuable a thing to be played with. No risk can be taken that may cause it to be thwarted

A FEW days ago a woman was charged at a provincial police-court with travelling by rail without a ticket, and also with giving a false name and address. She was fined on each charge. When her solicitor asked the magistrates if they were prepared to state a case for an appeal on the false name decision the magistrates reconsidered the case and reversed the decision.

Mr. A. F. Holt

What would have happened had the woman not had a solicitor to defend her?

The case was but a trivial one. Scores of far more serious slips on the part of magistrates could have been cited. I have cited it merely as an apt illustration of the kind that is always likely to happen so long as we rely upon the Great Unpaid for the dispensation of justice.

Magistrates are usually magistrates either because they have been prominent in the local activities of the national political Parties, or are trade union officials, or are the sons of their fathers. There are exceptions, but the exceptions are often the ones who use the privilege least.

Parson and squire, butcher, baker and candlestick-maker may all be—and usually are—estimable persons in their private capacities.

They may have blue blood or money or business capacity, or all three, as well as high character, but few of them possess the judicial mind that is usually the result of the intensive legal training and extensive practice that have gone to the making of our stipendiaries.

LOCAL feeling and influence are also so easily brought to bear upon them. It is not unknown for magistrates to be visited by the relatives of a person about to be brought before the court and asked to attend court on that day.

I have heard a man greet a magistrate by his Christian name who an hour or two later was to appear before that magistrate.

There may be only two magistrates on the rota for each sitting of a police-court, but if a case of local interest comes up a dozen magistrates may attend and, in effect, turn themselves into a jury

Who Killed Hodge?

by A. G. GARDINER

WHEN the land perishes the people ultimately must perish also. And Britain is fast going in that direction. We spend £500,000,000 a year on foreign supplies of food. In this one fact alone lies the gravest menace to the future.

THE salvo of hard words discharged by the Farmers' Union at Mr. Baldwin just as he was embarking for Canada was an unprecedented "send-off" for a British Prime Minister. It was not nice to hear the head of the Government charged by a responsible body of the most conservative class with "cheap-jack" methods and with betraying his solemn election pledges.

But it cannot be denied that Mr. Baldwin had "asked for it." He did make the pledges. And then, having failed to fulfil them, he turned round and said that the farmers themselves were to blame for the deplorable state of agriculture, that their marketing methods were all wrong and that the remedy was in their own hands.

I shall not attempt to adjudicate in this quarrel. Nor shall I dwell upon the momentous political fact involved in it, beyond saying that it seems to mean a final rupture between the Conservative Government and the farming class which has hitherto been its most constant supporter.

But the quarrel is much more important than a Party political question. It has its roots in the biggest tragedy that afflicts the nation. It is the tragedy of the soil. We spend 500 millions a year on food from abroad, wheat, meat, bacon, eggs, butter, cheese, fruit and so on.

Britain's prairie-land

Meanwhile, with the greatest market in the world on the spot, our own production of these commodities declines. Vast tracts of land are being "let down" and going back to prairie. Land, even good land, within fifty or sixty miles, is practically going out of cultivation.

Sir Walter Gilbey, not long ago, sold an estate which in the past had been highly productive, for £8 an acre—less than the cost of the farm buildings on it. That land, if it had been in Saskatchewan instead of close to the greatest city in the world, would have fetched ten times the money.

What is the meaning of all this? What is the disease? What is the remedy? I have been reading a little book by Sir William Beach Thomas, "How England Becomes Prairie".

I wish every person in this country would read it, for it is only by creating a ferment in the public mind that this problem can be solved, and I cannot conceive anybody reading this story of our decaying countryside without feeling a flame of indignation and dismay within him.

Distressing desolation

Sir William deals primarily with the desolation that is making a prairie and a wilderness of weeds of much of Wiltshire and Berkshire; but the disease he pictures is everywhere.

He sees whole villages of a cheerful peasantry being blotted out; small farms which had maintained their families being swallowed up into vast prairie estates; once well-kept holdings now poisoned with weeds and over-run with rats; farm buildings in decay and cottages tumbling to ruin because the labourers have gone.

The fact that we spend 500 millions a year on foreign supplies and that our dependence on those supplies is growing by leaps and bounds is the darkest menace that hangs over the future.

In asking how that menace is to be averted, it is idle to cultivate delusions. The farmers themselves have lived on delusions. It was because they believed that Mr. Baldwin and the Conservatives would give them Protection that they supported him, and it is because he has refused to give them Protection that he has made them turn passionately against him.

But in clearing away this delusion he has done the farmers a good service. Whatever *prima facie* case there may be for Protection, Mr. Baldwin knows that as a policy taxes on food are "dead and damned."

For better or worse, we have developed the greatest industrial community the world has ever seen. Eighty per cent. of our people live in towns and by trade. They must have cheap food and

Sir W. Beach Thomas, K.B.E., a well-known authority on the land question

abundant food, and any proposal to tax that primal necessity of life and labour would destroy the Government that proposed it in a night.

Nor do I think Mr. Baldwin is wrong in telling the farmers that heaven helps those who help themselves. Much of their misfortune is due to their own lack of enterprise, their neglect of markets, their failure to co-operate, their disregard of science and new methods.

A few weeks ago a farmers' co-operative society in Leicestershire was disbanded and the chairman in pronouncing the epitaph declared that it had failed because its members had distrusted each other and had refused to co-operate for their common advantage.

Farmers' folly

And Mr. Baldwin was right, too, in denouncing the incompetent marketing. The farmers complain of the middleman; but why on earth did they allow the whole problem of milk distribution to be taken out of their hands and exploited by a commercial middleman's agency?

Why have the farmers allowed the enormous bacon industry of this country to be snatched from under their noses by the farmers of Denmark? And butter? And eggs? Simply because they will not co-operate, will not study markets.

But while all this and much more is true, Mr. Baldwin and the politicians cannot escape their share of the blame. The farmers can save themselves, but the Government must help to save them.

Take the case of the railway rates. I saw in *The Times* last week a report of the visit of South African farmers to the Vale of Evesham. "You can grow anything in England," said one of the visitors; "but your system of marketing is all wrong. How is it," he asked, "that a ton of stuff can be brought from Holland for 5s. 6d., and the same quantity costs 15s. for conveyance from Evesham to London?"

We can and we must

Instead of helping agriculture, our railways strangle it. Is not that a subject with which the Government should deal? And is it not the business of the Government to formulate a policy which will establish in every county a body charged with the acquisition of derelict lands, the extension of small holdings and intensive culture, the financing of co-operative enterprises in buying, selling and marketing, the promotion of education, and the encouragement of a passion for the soil?

Mr. Baldwin is an excellent man, but on agriculture as on coal he is helpless. He says "I can't." We must have a Prime Minister and a Government who will say, in these vital matters, "We can, we must and we will."

is Justice!

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

on which a majority may be friends of the accused.

MUST it not be difficult, in such cases, for magistrates to be dispassionate in their judgment? Is it not human nature, in such cases, to be tempted to stretch a point?

And if, say, a charge of indecent assault is reduced to one of common assault, is it not also human nature for the looker-on to draw the inevitable inference?

Lack of judicial training permits personal prejudices and interests too much play. The squire comes down heavily on the poacher, the temperance bigot on a breaker of the licensing laws. Some magistrates regard property as more sacred than flesh or blood. Others put humanity first.

Some will send a thief to prison for a first offence and fine the wife-beater. Others will send the wife-beater to prison and bind over the thief. Some apparently regard cruelty to animals as a venial sin. Others regard it as worse than theft.

I have known a man get a month in jail on the Monday for arrears of wife-maintenance, whereas, had his case been heard by the J.P.s on the next day's rota, his case would have been adjourned to give him a chance.

Many magistrates, when a case is brought before them for non-payment of arrears under a maintenance or an affiliation order or a rates default, do not ask if the man can pay. It is enough for them that he hasn't paid. He must go to jail.

Others there are who do ask, and if they find that non-payment is due to lack of means through unemployment they will adjourn the case again and again, hoping that the man will secure work.

ALMOST every issue of our newspapers provides us with examples of what I can only call "justices' justice"—the result of our system of justice-on-the-cheap. It is time that the system was ended. The small towns ought to be grouped and a stipendiary appointed to each group.

Such a man would not only bring a trained intellect to bear upon the cases brought before him, but he would be outside local interests and exempt from the string-pulling and the pressure which, under the present system, may possibly be brought to bear upon some of the Great Unpaid.

What is needed on the Bench is not a good Tory or a good Liberal, a good trade union official or employer or philanthropist, but a *judge*.

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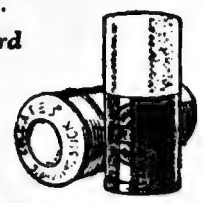

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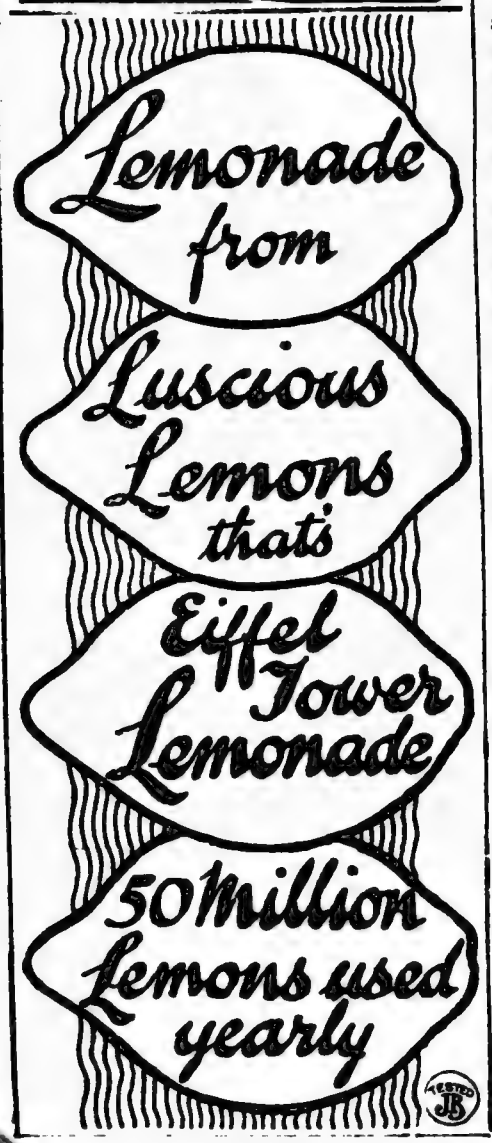

AMAZING CONFIDENCE COUP

TRAPS FOR HOLIDAY MAKERS

A Crook at Windsor Castle

THERE is a gang of "select" international thieves at work to-day whose operations are baffling the police of many countries.

These swindlers, who operate principally between London, Paris and Brussels, have already obtained individual hauls ranging from £500 to £1,000 from numerous victims without any serious possibility of arrest.

Their programme is best described by the narration of the recent experience of an American banker, who was spending a holiday in this country and upon the Continent.

When this gentleman was in London with his family for a few days at the beginning of his holiday he was—although he had no idea of the fact—being very carefully shadowed by members of the gang, who had earmarked him as promising prey.

From London he journeyed to Brussels, and put up at one of the leading hotels there. The proud father of three fine-looking children, he was naturally pleased to find that they were greatly admired by other guests at the hotel.

Making an impression

Perhaps their warmest admirer was a distinguished-looking gentleman who also hailed from America, and posed as Mr. Lucien Harding of Los Angeles.

Mr. Harding, it seems, was making a protracted tour of the Continent and, having left his own children at college in America, he found pleasing diversion in spending whatever time he could with the little son and daughters of the banker.

Spending money lavishly, he seemed to enter into the spirit of their fun with understanding zest, and daily he could be seen playing badminton with them for long hours at a stretch.

Naturally this kindly behaviour made its impression upon the father, who before long came to look upon Mr. Harding as one of his warmest friends.

Brief parting

When the banker informed Mr. Harding that he would shortly be returning to London to spend a week or so there prior to returning to America, the latter was overjoyed. He, too, was going to London immediately, and it was good to learn that they would later see one another again.

When Mr. Harding left he bade his friend an affectionate farewell. "Drop me a line to let me know when you are coming," he stated in parting, "and I'll bring my car to meet you."

He gave the banker an address, which he explained was that of a wealthy aunt.

Mr. Harding had been in London a fortnight when he received the expected letter. The address at which it was received, however, was not one occupied by a wealthy aunt, but was a dingy tobacconist's shop off the Tottenham Court Road, where letters can be called for at 2d. a time!

The Hon. A. B. Houghton, American Ambassador in London

The letter explained that the banker and his children were arriving that same day, and would be glad to see him at a famous West-End hotel, where they had engaged a suite of rooms.

That evening there was a pleasant reunion dinner and, over the champagne, Mr. Harding declared that he would be delighted to take his friends out on the following day in his aunt's car.

A happy group

The latter, when Mr. Harding drew up in it at the duly appointed hour, proved to be a smart red-and-black vehicle, with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel.

Little did the banker suspect that the chauffeur was really a notorious receiver of stolen goods, and that the car was one used mostly for conveying the proceeds of burglaries.

Mr. Harding took them to Windsor, where His Majesty was then staying.

In the very shadow of Windsor Castle the happy pleasure-seekers were all photographed together, the irresistible Mr. Harding posing conspicuously in the centre of the group, like a king among his people.

Trips of this kind were frequent. Then, one day, Mr. Harding took the banker alone for another sight-seeing adventure, the outcome of which did not prove so pleasant.

This time they visited Lincoln's Inn and the famous High Courts of Justice.

While passing through Lincoln's Inn a middle-aged gentleman let drop a number of official-looking documents, without noticing them in his haste.

The banker was the first to observe the incident, and called to the hurrying figure to stop, while Mr. Harding stooped to pick up the fallen papers.

The old gentleman thanked them breathlessly and added that the loss would have meant thousands to him as they were securities he had just brought away from his solicitors.

The new friend

So delighted was he that he insisted upon the others meeting him later for dinner.

At the dinner the old confidence trick was worked. The old gentleman explained that he had just come into a fortune of £500,000, but first of all he had to pay £50,000 to American charities.

He was not anxious to make the long journey, however, and was arranging to appoint a representative to go on his behalf. Eventually Mr. Harding offered to undertake these duties.

While uttering profuse thanks for this offer the old gentleman intimated that he would prefer to work through a banker if possible.

The outcome was that the banker agreed to undertake the responsibility, and was persuaded to advance £600 as a sign of good faith, while the old gentleman, for his part, reciprocated by handing over his attaché case containing his valuable securities.

Then, at the next meeting arranged the old gentleman, who had given his name as O'Connor, did not appear. Neither did Mr. Harding!

And when the banker went to the police with the case of "valuable securities," the most valuable of its contents were found to be two tattered newspapers!

When the Windsor photograph was produced it was discovered that the gracious Mr. Harding was no other than a notorious crook named Harris, *alias* Delaney, who has a long record.

Expensive tours

And as the banker has had to return to America, and cannot be here to prosecute, Mr. Harding, *alias* Harris, goes scot free!

The same gang brought off a coup in Paris last week. An American schoolmaster on holiday there was introduced by a gentleman named Murdock to another crook named Murphy.

The schoolmaster parted with £400, and then lost all trace of Murdock and Murphy, who were really Harding and O'Connor!

In another case an American lady named Owens was recently robbed of £900 while staying at a famous West-End hotel.

As the victims are invariably tourists who are forced to return to America before they can trace their false "friends," we urge the American Ambassador to move in the matter without delay.

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GET THE GALLOWS READY

OUR ARCHAIC POOR LAWS

A Disgrace and Humiliation

MR. BALDWIN'S Ministry stands solemnly pledged to reform the Poor Law—that is to say, the hated workhouse system and the whole method by which necessitous persons are relieved out of the rates.

But the path of the present Government, like that of most others, is littered with piecrust promises, shamefully broken.

Time has been found for an ill-judged attack on the trade unions, for reactionary proposals regarding the House of Lords, for a hundred and one non-essential matters, but the reform of the Poor Law is indefinitely "postponed."

The English Poor Law was a scandal when Charles Dickens, dipping his pen in acid, wrote "Oliver Twist." It was a scandal in the seventies, in the eighties, in the nineties of the last century. More's the shame it is a scandal still.

Charity's caricature

The axiom governing the situation is that the poor—all but the rascals and able-bodied loafers—hate and detest the Poor Law. They know it for what it is—a mockery of mercy, a caricature of charity.

For decent people, fallen upon evil times, the workhouse carries an indelible stigma of shame.

To have recourse to the "parish" is for honest victims of poverty the last disgrace and humiliation.

There has been no lack of enquiry into the system; indeed, few Governments in recent years have failed to send someone to take a peep at Mr. Bumble. And that is as far as it has got.

The first Royal Commission reported as long ago as 1909. It condemned the Poor Law root and branch as wasteful, cruel and ineffective. It demanded its total abolition.

That was eighteen years ago. If a Royal Commission sat to-day it would have to report in almost identical terms.

True, certain enlightened boards of guardians have tried to improve matters, but they have generally been snubbed and censured for their pains.

Many boards in 1927 are contentedly preserving the rotten conditions which obtained in 1909, and later, when the Maclean Committee reported in 1917.

Distressing sights

Here are extracts from Government Commission reports, a stinging—we had almost written stinking—commentary upon the inhumanity of successive British Governments:

"In the workhouse wards there are idiots who are physically offensive or mischievous, or so noisy as to create a disturbance by day and night with their howls, living in the ordinary wards to the perpetual annoyance and disgust of the other inmates.

"We have seen the imbeciles annoying the sane, and the sane tormenting the imbeciles. We have seen half-witted women nursing the sick, feeble-minded women in charge of the babies, and imbecile old men put to look after the boys after school hours."

And again:

"Of all the spectacles of human misery and demoralisation now existing in these islands, there can scarcely be anything worse than the scene presented by the men's day ward of a large urban workhouse . . . strong and vicious men, men in all stages of recovery from debauch, weedy youths of weak intellect, old men too dirty or disreputable to be

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health

given special privileges, men subject to fits, the feeble-minded of every kind, the respectable labourer prematurely invalided, the hardened sodden loafer and the temporarily unemployed man who has found no better refuge."

Go as you please

And the "vagrants" put to such useless tasks as oakum-picking and stone-breaking in exchange for "lodgings," which often amounted only to sixteen hours' incarceration in a sunless cell.

These horrors are not to be lightly dismissed as memories of an evil past. They can be paralleled to-day in the backward areas. No Government has ever attacked these scandals in a bold, comprehensive fashion.

All that has been done is to give boards of guardians certain "powers" which they may use or neglect as they please, it being all the while plainly understood that the less money they spend on humane improvements, the better they will stand with the close-fisted mandarins of Whitehall.

At this present day, eighteen years after the report of the first Royal Commission, we have:

Lunatics and feeble-minded persons treated in ill-equipped "pauper" asylums or workhouse "mental wards," instead of in up-to-date mental hospitals.

Children of tender years retained in the contaminating atmosphere of the mixed workhouse, or "boarded out" under conditions which offer no proper security for their humane and intelligent treatment;

The moral contagion of the mixed workhouse, in which paupers of all grades are mingled in disgusting and damaging promiscuity;

The hateful stigma of "pauperism" fastened upon the blameless poor who, through sickness or misfortune, have had to have recourse to "parish" aid.

The excuse sometimes advanced for the perpetuation of these horrors is the consideration of cost.

Unequal burden

The answer is that we ought at once to abolish the senseless and unjust system, by which each district, including the slum boroughs, is required to maintain its own poor, and to distribute the burden equally throughout the country among rich and poor alike.

It is this inevitable act of justice which rich supporters of the present Government are trying to dodge by repeated postponements of the promised Poor Law Reform Bill.

Why should the poor rate in Hampstead be a third of that in Bethnal Green, that of Sheffield three times that of Bournemouth or Cheltenham?

Mr. Neville Chamberlain sent Commissioners to West Ham for the ostensible purpose of checking wilful and wanton extravagance by the local guardians of the poor. Resounding "economies" have been effected.

The hours of the nursing staff in the infirmary have been increased from forty-eight to fifty-six a week, and the wages of laundry hands, scrubbers and other humble workers brought down to a bare subsistence level.

Probably there was a certain amount of extravagance and maladministration at West Ham, but the basic fact of the situation is that West Ham, like many other areas scourged by the unemployment curse, is too poor to maintain its own poor.

A cheap job

What is needed, on the financial side, is a common "pool" for the alleviation of helpless poverty.

At the same time, the old-fashioned, time-dishonoured boards of guardians should be abolished and their powers transferred to the county or borough councils, so that each case of destitution—able-bodied, imbecile, invalid or juvenile—may be dealt with on its merits, or rather according to its individual human need.

It may be that more money will have to be spent.

Very well, let us build one battleship the less.

The long-delayed execution of Mr. Bumble would be a cheap job at £7,000,000.

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The annual general meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held on the July 27, at Furness House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

Sir Frederick W. Lewis, Bt., who presided, said the conditions had in some respects been rather better than in the preceding year, and that was reflected in the accounts. As against last year's figure of £523,044 the credit balance at profit and loss this year amounted to £603,511, after charging all expenses of every description. They proposed to pay the usual bonus of 2½ per cent. on the ordinary shares and to transfer £200,000 to depreciation, leaving £193,814 to be carried forward.

Supplementing the statement made by him at the last meeting to the effect that the Houlder Line had contracted for a new twin-screw motor ship fully refrigerated, he had pleasure in stating that they had recently placed a contract for a duplicate ship to be constructed on the Clyde for their British and Argentine Steam Navigation Company. A gratifying feature of the trade in refrigerated produce from South America was the development of the export of butter, eggs, fruit, etc., as a supplement to the principal export of chilled and frozen meat.

With regard to the very difficult question of Russia, it was his duty to state that the business in which they had been interested had run smoothly and entirely satisfactorily. They were shareholders in the Russo-British Grain Export Company, Ltd., a British company of which 50 per cent. was controlled by Russian interests.

That company, upon the board of which they were represented, was not in any way concerned in politics, and he was justified in saying that their Russian associates had had it made as clear as it was humanly possible to make anything that if politics and business were completely separated the pathway of business relationships between the two countries would be made infinitely smoother.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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13, WARWICK COURT, LONDON, W.C.1

A COMBINE TO SMASH

by ARTHUR GREENWOOD, M.P. *(late Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Health)*

TRUSTS and combines are in existence in the building as well as other trades. Prices in the building trade are on the up-grade. It is the duty of those in authority to protect the public against any possible exploitation.

THE recently issued report of the committee which was appointed to survey the prices of building materials will perhaps make people think. This committee has no power to take any action But it is clearly unhappy about the present high prices of many building materials.

So it has set up a special Sub-Committee of Enquiry. Unfortunately, however, the sub-committee will be more or less futile because it cannot demand the disclosure of facts. It must rely on the evidence submitted by the suspects!

There is no shadow of doubt as to the existence of combines and rings in the trades producing the wide range of building materials and fittings which go to make a modern home.

Scope for combines

The average householder or house-hunter regards a house as a prized possession which costs a large sum of money or for which he pays what he regards as an exorbitant rent. It is to him a single, finished product.

But to the builder it is an extremely complex product. Its framework consists of, say, 18,000 bricks, broken here and there by well over 100 square feet of glass and covered by a few hundred tiles or slates.

The builder uses about 2½ tons of cement and about three tons of lime, as well as a substantial amount of sand and timber, glue and size, putty, red lead and paint. Hidden away in a subsidy house there will be fifty dozen screws and over a hundredweight of nails.

To the mere shell there must be added chimney-pots, baths, sinks, lavatory basins, a closet, a washing copper, a galvanised cistern, a hot-water cylinder, a boiler, a range and several grates, gutter and rain-water pipes, drain-pipes, door and window fittings, floor tiles, gas and electric fittings and meters.

Here is a wide enough field for rings and combines in all conscience.

Striking figures

In the ordinary cottage, ten years ago, a quarter of the materials were controlled and a third partially controlled. Timber (including joinery), sand and gravel, and certain sundry minor materials were quite uncontrolled.

But tiles and chimney-pots, sanitary earthenware, Portland cement, iron castings, boilers, glass, wallpaper and certain other materials were effectively controlled by combinations, whilst bricks, lime, metal fittings, iron cisterns and tanks and slates were to some extent under the control of organisations.

In the interval the trust movement has everywhere made considerable headway. Combines are a good deal stronger to-day than they used to be. Up to a week or two ago the National Light Castings Association, for example, fixed the prices in this country of 95 per cent. of the cast-iron ware used in houses, such as ranges, mantels, baths, etc.

The object of the N.L.C.A., in its own words, was "that of raising and keeping up the price to the buyer of goods and articles made and/or supplied by its members."

Its activities were investigated six years ago by a Government Profiteering Committee of which I was a member. Within nine months of its formation, the N.L.C.A. had advanced prices by 25 per cent.

Mr. Arthur Greenwood, M.P.

Between 1914 and 1920, the price of certain forms of light casting rose by over 400 per cent.!

One ring broken

The association regulated output by allocating a quota of production to each of its members. Those who exceeded their allotment paid 7½ per cent. of the value of the excess sales into the pool which was used to compensate those who produced less than their quota.

The association obtained its hold over the builders' merchants by giving a rebate to buyers of materials who bought only N.L.C.A. goods.

Since the resumption of foreign trade after the war, various light castings trickled into the country from the Continent at prices far below those fixed by the N.L.C.A.

In spite of the desire of local authorities and builders to "buy British goods," the need for houses at a reasonable price was so great that house builders were driven to look to foreign products.

The result was that the N.L.C.A. was broken and there is now an open market for light castings.

This case was so glaring that public opinion permitted foreign competition to break the ring. But, unfortunately, there are other cases where the public are unaware of the facts.

The brick manufacturers' organisations, of which one of the chief is the London Brick and Forders combine, for the most part control only localised markets. Within the limit of these operations, however, the control appears to be pretty effective.

The price of bricks has created some alarm in the breasts of the Building Materials Committee and the question of brick prices is to be the first subject to which its newly appointed sub-committee will direct its attention.

The British Portland Cement Manufacturers are responsible for about 60 per cent. of the British output of cement, but they are not able to control prices.

The price-controlling body is the Cement Makers' Federation, which represents about 90 per cent. of the cement industry.

Clipping their wings

British manufacturers, however, have to face considerable foreign competition and the power of the federation to manipulate prices is to that extent curtailed.

The trade in drain-pipes is regulated by four associations each operating over a particular district and working in co-operation with one another.

The Midland Pipe Association is an elaborate organisation which fixes the minimum prices at which members are allowed to sell to merchants and the prices at which merchants shall sell to consumers, special rebates being given to those merchants who deal exclusively with members of the combine.

Wrought-iron tubes are pretty effectively controlled and competitive prices cannot be obtained as the trade is dominated by the British Tube Makers' Association.

The Sanitary Earthenware Manufacturers' Association keeps a tight hand on the merchants, who sacrifice a rebate if they go outside the ring.

Come to stay

In 1924, as an integral part of the Labour Government's housing programme, we introduced a Building Materials (Charges and Supply) Bill which, however, was not placed on the Statute Book, as the Government fell before the Bill could be passed.

Its object was to give the Board of Trade powers to deal with unreasonable prices, and the withholding of supplies.

I do not believe that trusts, monopolies and rings can be prevented or crushed out of existence. They have come to stay.

As competition becomes less and less effective in keeping down prices, the more necessary it will be for the community to take steps to protect itself. The time has arrived as regards housing. Will public opinion assert itself?

CONDEMNED MAN'S APPEAL

HIS TRAGIC LETTERS

We Help the Family

WHAT does it feel like to be the wife of a man lying in Wandsworth Jail under sentence of death for the murder of James Stauton, a night watchman? Fortunately, few wives are called upon to bear the terrible ordeal through which Mrs. Fuller, wife of Fred Stephen Fuller, has passed, and is passing.

Her little white set face, as she returned from a visit to Wandsworth Prison last Thursday evening, with her infant in her arms, showed fortitude covering despair.

The Fullers live in one of a neat row of small houses in a peaceful little street at South Croydon. There the condemned man, his wife and six children have faced much hardship through times when he, a labourer, has been out of work.

The rent has been a heavy load on their minds, and the feeding and clothing of the children a problem. But they faced it together, and both have been good triers and good workers.

That Mrs. Fuller's sole debt to-day is £6 odd for rent testifies to her capable management during her husband's out-of-work periods, when they depended on such help as the guardians could give.

A good soldier

And there have been times of sickness. Fuller, who was a soldier prior to the war, was discharged with a pension of 12s. 10d. per week, on account of dysentery and malaria. This was stopped in 1923, and, as he was at work at the time, he did not appeal.

His Indian Star, Mons Star, Victory Medal and the Great War Medal which are pinned on the overmantel in their bedroom are a testimony to the fact that he was a good soldier.

His mother-in-law (his own mother, fortunately, died last Christmas) and his wife speak of him as a good husband and a good father.

And sturdy, well-cared-for children are a living proof of this. The one-year-old baby points to his father's picture on the wall and says "Daddy."

There are now seven children. The eldest, a strong, bright girl of sixteen, had a situation as a general servant, but left when her mother was expecting her seventh child. It was this daughter who burst into tears at the assize court when the verdict of "Guilty" was pronounced on her father and James Murphy.

The next, a boy of twelve, the proud winner of a scholarship, is being educated away from home. The next boy of seven is at present in a home for a few weeks. The mother, to add to her other troubles, has heard that he has met with an accident. The next, an attractive little girl of six, runs the family errands and makes herself generally useful.

Then come the babies—three years, one year, and the infant three weeks old, who, in spite of the mother's awful ordeal before and at the time of the child's birth, is, she says, a lovely baby, contented and good.

Out of her mind

On Friday evening, when our representative called in answer to an appeal for help, the boy of three, who opened the door, promptly disappeared under the table of the living room, where the one-year-old baby played.

Their grandmother, Mrs. Hollands, who has been taking charge of the family for the last few weeks, stated that her daughter was at Wandsworth, but would return any minute. She apologised for a broken window.

"My daughter did that," she said, "when she heard the news that her husband had been declared 'Guilty.' She went absolutely out of her mind, and struck her fist through the window-pane. I sent for the ambulance, and she was taken to the Croydon Infirmary, where the baby was born on July 9."

Clean conscience

Mrs. Hollands does not believe her son-in-law is guilty of the murder. She attributes his acts that night largely to the fact that he was suffering from malaria.

"I saw him last Wednesday at Wandsworth," she said; "he remarked, 'This time next week I shall be walking the long road.'"

Mrs. Hollands received the following letter from her son-in-law, dated from Wandsworth, July 25:

"Dear Ma, Dad and all at home,—I feel so happy to think May is bearing up so wonderful through her great sufferings. I feel so sorry for her and the children. She has done wonderful by me in helping me and encouraging me to bear up and I pray to God He will look after her and the children and comfort and succour them.

"I am extremely sorry for this sad and tragic turn of events. But before God, I swear that I was not guilty, and have a perfect pure and clean conscience.

"I know I done wrong in sharing the money which was stolen off the man, for which I was prepared to suffer the punishment meted out to me for, but I was not prepared to pay the extreme penalty for a crime I am as innocent of as yourself.

"I send my best love and thank you and Dad from my heart for doing all you can for May and the children.

"It is them that has to suffer the terrible torment I myself cannot suffer in myself as I know and feel in my heart that I was never guilty and am pure and cleanly innocent.

"I have prayed and confessed my innocence before the Altar of God to help us bear this great suffering. I WAS NOT GUILTY."

Appeal that failed

When Mrs. Fuller returned, utterly spent, from her visit to Wandsworth, she told how on the fatal Saturday night, May 14, which happened to be the joint birthday of husband and wife, who are both thirty-five, she left him at about 8.45, when she said she was going home, as she felt chilly. He replied, "All right, I will follow you up."

She never saw him again until the next week when he was at Croydon Police Station. She stated that, as far as she knew, her husband was to be executed on Wednesday.

Once that afternoon he had broken down. He was always asking how his children were. "Hold the baby up," he begged her, "and let me have a look at her." "He smiles at me," she added, "and says, 'If I am to go, Iamg oing for what I have not done.'"

She treasures these two letters from him. The first is dated July 19:

"My Dear Wife and Children,—Just a few lines hoping to find you, baby, Dolly and all the children in the best of health. I am glad to say I am keeping well, and have not lost faith or given up hopes yet.

"I feel terribly upset to have to tell you that my appeal failed. Well, dear, I am writing to the Home Secretary to-day, asking him if he will extend his mercy towards me.

"Dear Wife, I am not appealing to the Home Secretary for mercy as a man that has committed a foul and brutal crime and is afraid of paying the extreme penalty for his crime, but as a man that knows and feels himself to be innocent of a foul and brutal crime, for which I am not guilty.

"Had I been guilty, I would have spoken up and said I was guilty and would have prepared myself to pay the penalty which I should have richly deserved, but I do not want to suffer for a crime that I am innocent of.

"Should I have to forfeit my life through this most sad and tragic happening then I forfeit my life as an absolute and pure innocent man.

"I have been very pleased and happy with Dolly for bearing up so well, and sincerely hope and pray that you will keep as comfortable, and bear up through this terrible ordeal to the best of your ability.

"I had a letter from Annie yesterday. Well, dear, I will now close, wishing you and the children health and happiness through this tragic misfortune.

"I will now close with my very best love and thanks to you and dear little baby, Dolly, Billie, Maisie, Sid, Johnny. I AM INNOCENT."

Loving lines

The other letter is dated July 21:

"My dear Wife, Baby, Dolly and Little Children,—Just a few loving lines hoping to find you, baby and all the little children in the best of health. Well, dear, I sincerely hope and trust you will bear up as much as you can.

"I know, dear, what a terrible time you are having to go through, but hope and pray for the best. I am pleased to say I am cheerful and strong under the terrible and trying blow.

"I am trying my best to look on the bright side, and feel so sorry for you and the children.

"So cheer up, dear, as much as you can, as all I can say is I was absolutely and purely innocent of the foul charge of murder. I shared the money and was ready to suffer any punishment meted out to me for that crime, but I was not ready to pay the extreme penalty of a crime I did not and never will be guilty of.

"Well, dear, I am sending you a visit for yourself, Dolly and Annie. I hope you will not upset yourself too much, and that you will bear up, dear. I AM NOT GUILTY."

Hoping to the end

Up to the last minute, Mrs. Fuller was still hoping that there would be a reprieve.

"What sense is there," she said, "in taking his life? What good can it do? My children have got to suffer all the time." She told her mother she would be there on Wednesday. It was her place to be there.

* * *

We express no opinion on the case of the condemned man, but there is no doubt about the necessity for helping his helpless family.

It was with this in mind that we gave them the help necessary to face their darkened future free of debt.

BETTER THAN SALTS OR PILLS

When you're constipated take Feen-a-mint, the laxative you chew. It's the chewing does it—the only medicine distributed by the saliva throughout the entire system ensuring thorough cleansing.

No griping
Not habit forming
No taste but the Mint.

Get a 1/3d. box from your chemist to-morrow. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

[No. AD./1083/27]

Mrs. Rowles, of Camden Villas, Blackheath, writes:

"Feen-a-mints are splendid. I have suffered for many years with intestinal trouble and at last have found the real thing. They are quite all you say—the children as well take them readily, and I shall recommend them to all I know."

Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING LAXATIVE

FREE SAMPLE
Send 1½d. Stamp to
FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS LTD.
Bush House, London, W.C.2

Roll your own cigarettes with

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A WONDERFUL OFFER.

On pages 30 and 31 of this issue of JOHN BULL, the Proprietors of BAR ONE Cigarettes offer a most valuable range of gifts to smokers of their famous Virginia Cigarettes 10 for 4d.—gifts ranging from vacuum flasks, gramophone records, cameras, clocks and cutlery canteens to cycle repair-outfits and garden tools. These, and scores of other useful articles for every member of the family, are contained in a Free Booklet which is offered in the advertisement.

These free gifts are to be obtained by merely saving up the requisite number of coupons from packets of BAR ONE Cigarettes. To give you a start, five coupons will be presented FREE. Do not miss this wonderful opportunity. Be sure and send the coupon on page 31 now. A handsomely illustrated booklet describing the free gifts, and containing full particulars of this great gift scheme, will also be sent free.

RASHES

Mrs. G. H. Brazier, of 2, Bucknalls Cottages, Deal, writes:—"My little boy, age 5, has a very fair and sensitive skin. Not many weeks ago he became covered with a fierce rash, which irritated considerably. I warmed a tin of your Germolene till it was almost liquid and then smothered my little one with the soothing balm, and I was so thankful to see that he spent a restful night. The unsightly rash, which spread even to between his toes and the roots of his hair, was practically gone by the next day. I wish all mothers would test the value of Germolene."

The Germolene Treatments Book free with every tin, tells you what to do for:—

ULCERS — ECZEMA — PILES
BAD LEG — BURNS — SCALDS
CUTS — SUNBURN, etc.

Get a Tin to-morrow.

Germolene
The new-day Aseptic Skin Dressing

1/3 per tin from all chemists.
The Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd. Manchester

In Sunshine Ward
by **PHILIP INMAN**

HUMAN relationships are at times subject to strain, even of a mother and son. But at the end circumstances bring them together again, and the reunion is all the more real by reason of previous estrangement

A SACRED S.O.S.

A RACE with death—that is the drama for which the stage is set in a London hospital. Upstairs in one of the wards lies a woman patient. Taken ill in the street, she was carried by kindly hands into the hospital near by.

There her trouble was quickly diagnosed. "Hemiplegia," said the reception-room doctor, which being interpreted means a stroke. That was not her only complaint. There was a serious disease of the heart which caused the doctor to shake his head sadly.

"Pretty hopeless," he muttered. "She had better be moved into the ward." And it was there, an hour later, that the drama commenced.

"What is the name of your new patient?" I asked the sister as I went my rounds. "We don't know for certain," came the reply, "but we think she is a Mrs. Axton. There was a letter with that name on it in her handbag."

"But can't you ask her to confirm that?" I went on, for I saw that the patient was conscious. And then I discerned the tragedy of it all. She was conscious, yes, but she was paralysed and she could neither speak nor write.

As I stood by that bedside I felt strangely subdued. In that woman's eyes shone a wistful appeal. There was something she wanted to say, but what it was no power on earth could discover.

Agonised appeal

"Maybe that letter will help us," suggested the sister. And when it was produced the patient became strangely agitated. In her excitement she tried hard to speak, but it was impossible to understand a thing she said.

So the letter was opened and it told us that there was a son and a daughter-in-law and a grandchild. An urgent message was sent to Mr. Axton telling him of his mother's serious illness.

Alas! the messenger came back saying that the house was closed, and that the family were on their holidays somewhere in the West of England. In the emergency the British Broadcasting Company came to the rescue and sent out an S.O.S. Half an hour later I was called to the telephone to answer a trunk call.

It was an anxious voice that said, "We've just heard your message on the wireless. How is my mother now? Very bad! We will come at once, though it will take over four hours to get back."

Then the voice became agonised as it went on, "For God's sake keep her alive; it means everything to us."

United again

I replaced my receiver and went into the ward to tell the tidings. In the meantime, the patient had regained a little speech, and it was possible to decipher something of what she was saying.

"Your son is coming," I said. "He will be here very soon now." And I am sure I heard her whisper, "Thank God."

* * *

As I write these words I am still waiting. The patient still lives, though the end does not seem far away. "Will he be here in time?" the sister asks anxiously. I wonder!

At last the telephone bell rings again. The hall porter is speaking. "The visitors for No. 14 have just arrived," is his message.

A minute later comes the sound of footsteps along the corridor, and a young man enters the ward. On his face there is a look of intense expectation. Quietly he is led to the bed where his mother lies, pale and with closed eyes. He stands looking at her for a moment, then he stoops down and tenderly kisses her brow.

The patient is breathing now quite softly, almost inaudibly. It almost seems as if it is too late, and in a condition of acute distress her son takes me aside.

Hurriedly and disjointedly he mutters, "Things haven't been too good between us the last few years. She didn't like my marriage, and she has never even seen our child. I would give anything for her to see them and to know that we are happy before she goes."

So the wife and little boy are brought into the ward and the three of them

Philip Inman

stand around the bedside waiting and watching for just a word or even a look.

At last the patient opens her eyes and stares around her. They rest for a moment on her son, and then on his wife and child. Then comes a look of recognition—a smile of welcome—and a tear of forgiveness. Her words are distinct again now. "My boy," she murmurs tenderly. "Mother!" he breathes.

Then she looks at her grandchild. "My boy's boy," she whispers. Her eyes close again, but only for an instant. "And this is Annie. You know Annie," went on the boy. "We want you to know that we are very happy together."

The mother opens her eyes again and looks at her daughter-in-law. There is a wonderful light in them—a light as of another world. "God bless you all—my children," she said. And she closed her eyes, never to open them again in this world.

The Sentence of the Court

THE LIMPET LEGION

Ships and Sealing-Wax

CHARGED with permitting dangerous overcrowding in a building under his control, Mr. W. C. Bridgeman pleaded "Not guilty."

"For the benefit of those to whom the names of the less distinguished Members of the present Government are not yet as well known as various soaps which will or won't wash clothes," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I may mention that the accused is the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Last Word in administrative ineptitude.

"Recent revelations show that his humility to the Brass Hats is only equalled by his subservience to the Steel Nibs. This has resulted in such disgraceful overcrowding at the Admiralty that three or four bureaucrats are now packed in a space only intended to accommodate one.

"The Admiralty employs over 1,000 men more in Whitehall than before the war, although the number of capital ships built or building to-day is only twenty, compared with eighty-two in 1914.

"What precisely these numerous pushers of pens and manipulators of red-tape find to do, when not busily engaged drawing their salaries, is a mystery which is rendered darker by the fact that their cost has increased to an even greater extent than their numbers.

"In the Naval Ordnance Department 221 men are now employed, as against 109 in 1917; while in the same period the outgoings of the department have risen from £33,563 to £95,390.

"This is doubtless very jolly for the boys of the Whitehaul Brigade, but Whitehall is becoming more and more a Black Hole down which taxpayers' money vanishes in enormous quantities.

"When a post-war demand arose for a reduction in the fighting Services, nobody out of Bedlam imagined that the axing of men at sea would result in additions to the ranks of earthbound non-effectives."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the Admiralty was only costing £800,000 a year more now than before the war. Seeing that in this period it had blossomed forth with fourteen new departments, the increase could not be regarded as excessive.

Those critics who objected to expenditure on armaments (he continued) should rejoice to know that large sums which might otherwise be spent on weapons of destruction were being devoted to the purchase of such peaceful articles as pens and sealing-wax.

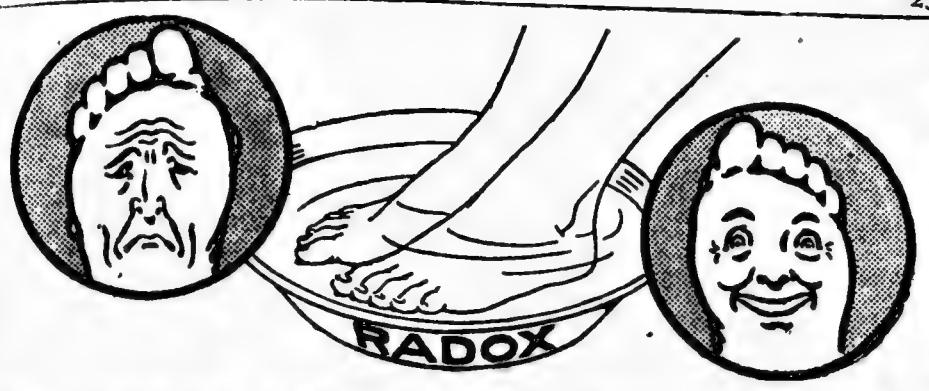
* * *

"If the time has come, as our friend the Walrus remarked, to talk of ships and sealing-wax," said Mr. Justice Bull, "I should admire to know why with a smaller navy at sea we require a larger army at the Admiralty?

"The Accountant-General's department, for example, requires 263 additional clerks to pay 42,000 fewer officers and men and look after the books of sixty-two fewer capital ships—not to mention a smaller number of cruisers and destroyers—than before the war.

"When I observe how a decrease in fighting men is automatically followed by an increase in writing men, I tremble to think of the huge staff which would be needed in Whitehall if disarmament became a reality. Faster than the decks are cleared the desks are crowded, and barnacles are only got rid of to be replaced by limpets.

"The present shocking congestion at the Admiralty must obviously be reduced, so I direct the accused to weigh anchor forthwith and steer a course for the Chiltern Hundreds."



Corns don't come back

Why haggle with corns? Why compromise? Make quick shift of them in the easy Radox way. Cutting and plastering are only half measures because they only deal with the surface of the corns. Radox Bath Salts get deeper than that. Painlessly and without danger, Radox tackles the corn root and so acts upon it that you can lift the corn right out—root and all. Read this letter:

"I can assure you that we have derived great benefit and comfort from the use of Radox Bath Salts. My husband was greatly distressed by a bad corn, and my daughter advised him to use Radox Bath Salts (she had obtained good results from using same). After using Radox for eight nightly footbaths, he was able to pick the corn quite out and has had perfectly easy feet ever since. The corn has not returned. We find great comfort from the use of Radox Bath Salts, especially for tired and aching feet, and would not be without it.
7th July, 1927. *R.C."*

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salt softens the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily.

The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts. Ask for Radox at your chemist. Price 1/6 per Half Pound Pink Packet, 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet.*

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Give your feet that "Kruschen feeling."

Tastes that thrill

ECONOMICAL and the thickness of the chocolate preserves the ful flavour.

Get a Cadbury

½ lb. block

See the name "Cadbury" on every piece of chocolate.

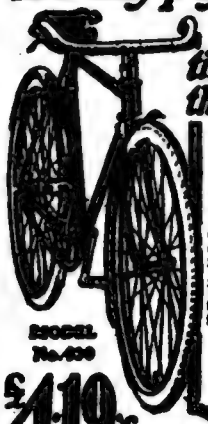
Everybody asks for more

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

6D PER ¼lb

FOR A MEAD 400A

You only pay **2/6** *till you have ridden the bicycle a month*



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£4 19 6 CASH

Send for details of our 400A "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such easy terms. Embodies every up-to-date improvement. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled and lined in two colours. Sent packed free; carriage paid. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Accessories CHEAP. Write to-day for reduced factory prices and beautiful art catalogue.

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Wakes you up on drowsy Summer afternoons —

REGULAR users of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets are spared the discomfort of dry palate and after-lunch drowsiness—both caused by languid digestion.

Wrigley's, with its healthful cleansing action and pleasing flavour, refreshes the mouth and keeps it cool and sweet. The flow of natural juices is stimulated. Thus digestion is actually quickened.

It's good for children too.

WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT 1D

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E.H 28

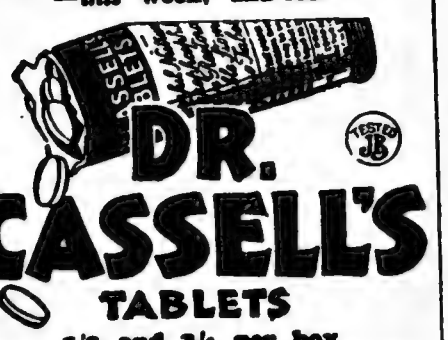
Dr. Cassell's reach the CAUSE Your trouble is probably caused by upset nerves or digestion, or BOTH, like Miss Conway, whose testimony to Dr. Cassell's is printed below. This is the most difficult form of insomnia. Nerve treatments, or blood tonics, or indigestion remedies alone are practically useless. Dr. Cassell's are *different*. They will restore you, as they did Miss Conway, because they tone-up the nerves, blood *and* digestion.

Four-fold Action

The Case of Miss Conway Miss E. M. Conway, of 20, Church Lane, Battersea, writes:—"For two years I had been under treatment for neurasthenia following influenza. I was terribly nervous. Headaches would not let me sleep, and in the morning I was too weak for anything. Another trouble was indigestion. Anything the least heavy caused wind that set up palpitation. I was down to six stone when I began to take Dr. Cassell's. The first effect was that headaches became less frequent, and I could sleep. Then I could eat without suffering. Steadily I went on improving, and now I am better than I have been for years."

Sleep, appetite, weight, restored

Try Dr. Cassell's for a week —*this* week, and see.



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A Tragedy of Twin Souls

Two Wrongs—Desire and Fear—Divided Love

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I AM a twin recently bereaved of the beloved sister with whom for over thirty years I shared all life's joys and sorrows.

"Her death was a terrible blow to me, but now that I have got over the shock I feel that something more than usual in a family bereavement has happened to me, and that with the passing of my twin sister all interest in life has disappeared and my own existence is incomplete.

"There were extraordinary similarities in our life, quite apart from physical resemblance, which was so marked that we were continually being mistaken for each other.

"We were married at the same time, and we both had the same number of children. After marriage we were both as inseparable as we had been before.

"Last year we were both taken ill at the same time with the same complaint. I went to one hospital and my sister to another. We were both in a very serious condition for several months. The crisis came to us both simultaneously and the same kind of operation had to be performed.

"THE tragedy is that while everything went well with me, everything went wrong with my twin sister.

"Owing to the seriousness of my own condition I never saw my sister while she was in hospital, could not hold her hand as she was dying, or even look upon her for the last time before she was laid to rest, though I would gladly have gone with her upon the last journey.

"I have tried hard to conquer my grief, but I seem to be left absolutely lifeless. Several of my friends have told me that twins have only a single soul. I am convinced that my sister's spirit is at rest, but my own seems bewildered and uneasy.

"I seem to hear her voice calling to me and telling me that I shall soon be with her, never to part, and all I crave for is to be at rest with her in the same grave.

"Can it be true, as some of my friends seem to think, that my own days are indeed numbered, and that as her poor body decays my own will droop until we are one together in perfect peace?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I deeply sympathise with you, but I fear you are allowing your grief to make you morbidly depressed. The natural affinity between twins does not justify a belief that they have but a single soul, and if you are vouchsafed continuance of bodily health you may find consolation in comforting the little ones left motherless by your sister's death. Perhaps your worst danger is that you may become selfish in your sorrow.*

* * *

"A FEW years ago I was persuaded by a workmate who had taken over a small business to leave my employer and join him, with the prospect of becoming a partner in the business.

Dishonest Partners

"Having had little experience he had failed to make any progress during the first twelve months of his venture, but after I joined him my own energy and ability soon placed it upon a sound footing.

"I worked on wages and commission from the first, and if I had been given a partnership as promised it would have turned out a very good thing for me, but my old workmate broke his word and I had no agreement which I could enforce.

"After a time at his instigation I kept two sets of books so as to avoid income-tax, but instead of sharing the profits he refused to pay me commission on many transactions, and in the end I was tempted to help myself to what I regarded as my fair share of the spoil.

"At last I was found out and I only saved myself from prosecution by refunding the money I had taken.

"At the same time I lost my job, for the man I had trusted and worked for made my stealing, as he called it, a convenient excuse for getting me out of the business.

"I have now been unemployed for over a year, and although I had a good character before I worked for this man every one in the town now looks suspiciously at me. What can I do?"

"HUMANIST" says: *You had better go somewhere else, abroad if necessary, and make a fresh start. There seems to be little to choose between you and the man you hoped would take you into partnership from the point of view of honesty, but you will have the advantage of him if you are the first to learn the lesson of your joint dishonesty.*

* * *

"FOR nine years I have been happily married to the dearest of men. I have health, a nice little home, my husband is in regular work, if not at high wages, and it must appear to outsiders that I have nothing more to wish for.

Afraid of Motherhood

"There is one thing that I have craved beyond anything else—a little child. Till now a dog has partly satisfied my maternal instincts, but an animal is not enough.

"You may wonder, like other people, why I do not have a child. The truth is that I am afraid, though not for myself.

"I come from a consumptive family. My mother is the only one who escaped the complaint, but her three children, other than myself, suffered from it.

"One of my brothers married a healthy girl and was made happy by the arrival of a little one, but at seven years of age the child developed the family complaint.

"This will help you to understand my fear of bringing into the world a baby doomed to this dreadful disease.

"Do you think I dare risk having a baby of my own in the hope that it may escape what seems to be a family curse, or must I try to satisfy my longing for a little one by adopting the child of someone else?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Your sacrifice of your maternal instincts for fear your child should suffer from disease is more admirable than that of women who avoid motherhood for purely selfish reasons, but your fears may not prove justified. Medical views are divided regarding the incidence of heredity in tuberculosis, and I should advise you to consult a good doctor and abide by his recommendation.*

* * *

Exiles

MANY men are exiled from home by unemployment, and while they are tramping the country seeking work their wives and children are in great need. You can relieve their distress by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 34.)

"A GERMAN woman came to England with her husband and settled down here a good many years ago, but never having been naturalised, when war broke out she was, notwithstanding pro-British sympathies, compelled to return to the country of her birth.

Unhappy Alien

"She did not return after the Armistice, but her husband having died she again married a German. Her second venture into matrimony has proved to be a very sad affair, and her life at present tied to a man who treats her cruelly is unhappy.

"She has written saying that she would very much like to get away from her husband and return to this country.

"She is not yet so old that she could not work to maintain herself and she has relatives here who would no doubt be able to help her, so that she would not be entirely dependent upon her own efforts for support.

"Can you suggest any means of facilitating her return? It seems very pathetic that a woman whose heart has always been in England should have to remain to all intents and purposes an unhappy exile in a foreign land."

"HUMANIST" says: *I sympathise with all who are unhappy, regardless of their nationality, but I fail to see why this already over-burdened country should be made a refuge for a woman whose heart at the time of her second marriage must have been in Germany, wherever it is now, or why her German husband should be relieved of his responsibilities.*

* * *

Saving His Name

"We have a boy just left school whom we adopted as a baby. He has always been known by our name, but his employers say they want it made legal, or else they will call him by his registered name. We do not want to cause him pain by disclosing that we are not really his parents. What can we do?"

"Humanist" says: *Apply for an adoption order, which will have the effect of making the boy the same in name and every other respect as if he had been born to you. A solicitor may be able to arrange this without publicity.*

Character and Courtship

"I am being dismissed from my place as a shop-girl somewhat under suspicion. I am quite innocent, but my fiancé says that unless I clear my character by commencing proceedings for wrongful dismissal, he will break off our courtship."

"Humanist" says: *Let him do so. You cannot hope to be happy with a man who has so little confidence in you. To commence proceedings in such circumstances would be expensive and probably fruitless. I hope you will find a more considerate employer and a more constant lover.*

A Grasping Landlord

"Having got in arrears with my rent, an order was made for payment of 2s. a month. Being anxious to clear it up quickly I have paid 2s. a week, almost starving myself to do so, but the landlord is greedy and wants more. Can he force me to pay more."

"Humanist" says: *Not without a further order of the court. If you are starving yourself to pay in excess of the amount ordered, you may rely upon sympathetic consideration if your grasping landlord takes you to court again.*

Words Winged to Women

HEAVEN WITH DESKS

by **MABEL HORNER**

"I AM inclined to regard games as an insurance of middle life," says the Duchess of Atholl. School games, organised and health giving, need proper environment. The green ground for games should not be miles away. The schools of the future will be set in green grounds

I HAVE always liked the temper of the little girl who possessed a bantam hen which one day lay an egg which was boiled for her breakfast. The child silently compared the bantam egg with those put before grown-up members of the family.

She did not grumble. She retired to the drawing-room and took from a cabinet a large and handsome ostrich egg. This she carefully carried into the chicken-house, and setting the trophy before her pet, admonished it : "Look at this and do your best."

I remembered that story one day last week when I journeyed to Chiswick. I had heard of a wonderful school for children there and determined to see for myself.

Dream schools

It was a lovely morning, one of the very few we have had in this most disappointing of summers, and the school shone out like a jewel in its sunny surroundings.

The Central Schools, Staveley Road, Chiswick, are absolutely the most up-to-date schools in this country. They are dream schools, the very embodiment of ideals for which far-sighted educationists have been labouring for years.

Unfortunately, for large numbers of women the term "Central Schools" is not yet even a name. And since women in many municipalities are the majority of voters, they should know what they are and learn what they can do.

The Education Act of 1918 provided that authorities should "by means of Central Schools" or classes or otherwise, carry on the children's education farther than is done in elementary schools.

It means that children who are intelligent enough to pass the entrance examination may, if their parents are willing, stay at school beyond the age of fourteen.

It means that, in fact, the State education will lead them on into trained and efficient young men and women, instead of turning them out only half-finished, to join the ranks of unemployed and unemployable in a very few months.

The matter is in the hands of the parents. Home environment and encouragement are everything. That is why these schools are worth writing about. For women everywhere can help or *hinder*.

Mr. J. W. Malden, B.A., B.Sc., Head Master of the Central School for Boys, Staveley Road, Chiswick

It is to Wales that the honour of being the keenest to take advantage of Central Schools belongs. In that Principality much has been done. This side of the border the sheer ugliness and limitations of existing buildings too often hampers progress.

But Chiswick now has no such trouble. Here are real schools. Class-rooms open on to green lawns, and windows have the special "vita-glass" to admit the health-giving ultra-violet rays of the sun. Moreover, when windows do open they do it vertically, in sections, opposing no restriction to the air.

Similarly, when the weather is suitable, the walls slide out of sight, and the children, though still with a roof over their heads, are practically sitting out of doors.

Beyond the lawns are real playing fields, and when the children return hot and tired, there are changing rooms, hot and cold baths, and warm, dry clothes awaiting them. A school cinema pushes home the lesson that those who blame the "films" for every naughty thing a child does should mend matters by providing education with amusement.

The ideal and the real

All work is enjoyment at Chiswick. A literature class was in progress in the big hall and the boys were acting the parts of Shakespeare's characters as they studied them. In other rooms, under able tuition, boys were being trained into skilled workmen in all essential trades. Beautiful things in metal work, woodwork, drawing and modelling were being made.

The girls have a "flat," with all the essential rooms of a house, in which they learn housekeeping from A to Z, not forgetting child management and cooking and laundrywork.

But it is the building itself that embodies the ideal. It is large, bright, sunny and beautiful. It is paving the way for the future. It will turn out boys and girls, many of them at fourteen, "because that is the school-leaving age."

But when in their turn these young people become parents they will not be equally short-sighted. They will value education at its true worth. They will know that trained citizens are the only sure foundation of the nation's greatness.

So that is why to women everywhere with votes to help on education, or retard it, I say, "Look at the schools of Staveley Road, Chiswick, and then do your best."

For it is not only in Central Schools we want this sort of building. We want them wherever there are children to be taught. Dirty, limited, crowded and ill-conditioned school buildings are everywhere a crime and a disgrace.

The Lost Word

"John Bull" Readers Find It

EVERYBODY who is at all given to "little deeds of kindness" is familiar with the shock experienced when their gifts are received in anything but a thankful spirit.

Indeed, so common is this ungracious attitude towards those who offer practical help to others that it has passed into a proverb. "He who lends will lose a friend" is one familiar saying; "Gratitude is a word found only in the dictionary" another.

Thankful letters

Happily JOHN BULL has a very different story to tell. Gratitude for benefits received is one of the commonest attributes of its readers, especially where the free insurance gift is concerned.

Letters are written every day telling in heartfelt language of the complete change in outlook that the JOHN BULL free insurance cheque has made.

"It gives me great pleasure," writes Mr. R. Lightley, of 2, Park Crescent, Park Estate, Shiremoor, Newcastle-on-Tyne, "to write and thank you for the money sent towards repayment of the damage done to my household effects by fire.

"The day it came I had just come back from the infirmary after undergoing an operation, so I can tell you it came in very handy, as we hadn't a penny in the world."

The same thankfulness is breathed by Mrs. N. Batey, 25, White Apron Street, South Kirkby, nr. Pontefract, Yorks, another householder very badly hit by fire. Mrs. Batey had been a regular registered reader for a long time and her claim received special consideration.

That she appreciates the fact is told in her own words: "It is with gratitude that I accept your offer and thank you for the consideration shown during our recent trouble. I feel I can look towards the future with more assurance, just because I am registered according to the stated conditions as a reader."

Pleasant as it is to feel that JOHN BULL proved a friend in need where help was so badly required, it is even better to know that JOHN BULL—wherever the conditions of registration are faithfully observed—can come to the rescue when disaster is doubly hard because entirely beyond man's control.

It is absolutely the only paper insuring against storms and flood.

This might be an impossible provision in tropical countries where such happenings are of daily occurrence. Here they happen at intervals, and this summer has shown with what sudden violence they are liable to come, and what a wreck of destruction they can leave.

Wise decision

We have helped hundreds of our readers who have suffered such sudden loss. Mr. Edwin Lloyd, of 25, Scott Street, Tantany Estate, West Bromwich, is a reader who, however, in his own words, tells why he could not be helped.

"I suffered large damage by the recent flood and it has been pointed out to me that had I registered when I began to read JOHN BULL I should not now be in the unfortunate position of having spoiled furniture I cannot replace. I shall register forthwith, and thus protect myself for the future."

A wise decision, which it would richly repay every other reader to follow.

HOLIDAYS !

Important Notice to Registered Readers

To remain qualified for the benefits offered under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return.

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Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

Many interesting offers appear in the Mail Order Market on Page 4.

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BETS DOWN BY THE BRINY

Frank Bare for the Brighton Cup—A Good Goodwood—Try Try Again and the Cesarewitch—Life Belt May Save You—One-Eyed Dovedale—Apelle

I AM not certain, by any means, that second thoughts are best. At my first attempt to spot the winner of the Stewards' Cup I selected Priory Park or Nice Prospect.

* * *

THE raising of the weights 7 lbs. put me off Mr. J. B. Joel's colt by Rocksavage, and I had the mortification of seeing him score a very clever victory. Priory Park is a top-notcher.

* * *

MY consolation came when Try Try Again took The Goodwood Stakes and His Majesty's Tutbury the Halnaker Stakes. Both these good-priced winners were code selections. A well-known Turf writer, airing his views after the long-distance race, remarked to me that we had not seen the winner of the Cesarewitch—they were not good enough. After Myra Gray at 50 to 1 last year I thought this was rather rich.

* * *

IT will not surprise me if the Newmarket prize is annexed by Try Try Again. Mr. Carr's mare—by Cylgad—Perseverance II.—is bred to stay for ever, and she was seriously fancied for the race last year. Unfortunately she went amiss. The five-year-old's name was the first I looked for in the entries. She is one of the one hundred and twenty-one. I hope the one.

* * *

FOR future guidance you can make a note of the following runners at Goodwood. Golden Willow—badly off in Pheidon's race—The Romp—a two-year-old from Peck's stable, third in the event won by Hakim, Fohanaun, the unlucky horse of the Stewards' Cup, and Steel Point, third in the Stakes.

* * *

BACKING horses down by the briny at Brighton is asking for trouble. This is one of the most comic courses in the country, and savours more of a circus than anything else. However, the wise men follow the money, and they seem to come out on top. Six favourites scored at the May two-day meeting.

Frank Hartigan, who has a large following at Brighton

* * *

THERE should be an excellent race for the Cup. Abbot's Smile is a danger, in spite of his Goodwood penalty, and lower down the handicap I like Frank Bare, Blueberg, and Double Bud. Stanley Wootton is very hot at Brighton, and if this is Frank Bare's selected race I should risk a little on the gelding. He won for us last time out at Nottingham.

* * *

THERE are some useful sprinters in the Sussex Stakes. Frank Hartigan's Rhyolite is sure to have a big following, and Balderston and Mayrian were backed at Goodwood as if they were certainties. Balderston was a failure but was taking on a tall order in Holikoki. Mayrian was one of the sufferers of a bad start. The speedy Esperos also has a decided chance and I shall rely on this one unless revised in the code. On the final day Orpine and King Bird are likely winners.

SUSSEX also looks to me the best place for our week-end winners. I prefer the meeting at Lewes to the one at Thirsk. Up North you can never be certain whose turn it is to win. Poliwog was painfully unlucky to lose at Bibury, and is a good thing for the De Warenne Handicap on Friday.

* * *

BLACKNESS is doubly engaged. He is, of course, the pick of the horses left in Saturday's big race, the Lewes Handicap, and if he takes his chance I should not care to oppose him. In his absence give Despatch one more chance. My best thing of the week is Wardley Dell in the Glynde Selling Handicap.

* * *

LIFE BELT, one of Felix Leach's two-year-olds, may save your life one of these days. The youngster has yet to make her first appearance, but she has been well schooled at home and has acquired a big reputation. She is a daughter of Hurry On.

* * *

KEROSENE is a versatile performer. He is pretty useful over hurdles and is a good long-distance flat-racer. The gelding has inherited his sire's stamina—he is a son of Son-in-Law. In both of his flat races this season Kerosene has won with plenty in hand. I should not pass him over in events of a mile and a half to two miles.

* * *

THE Franco-American people behind Apelle refuse to accept the general notion that the horse showed his best form at Sandown Park, although he won, and they are confident that he will win better races before the end of the season. The owner is amused by the short prices the "list" men are quoting about his horse for the Cambridgeshire. He has been entered, but it is very doubtful whether the horse will see the starting post. Apelle is, in my opinion, another Twelve Pointer, but I think it advisable to wait for the weights and acceptances. It always depends upon the handicapper.

* * *

DOVEDALE, who captured the Aisliding Sweepstakes, is blind in one eye, but this did not seem to be much of a handicap. He won the race in the last stride and a large-sized sheet would have covered the first four. Dovedale was purchased for 500 gns. by H. Turner, probably with the intention of putting him to jumping. He is not likely to emulate the feat of the one-eyed Glenside and win the National, but he has the right build for a timber topper.

* * *

A LARGE number of double-event backers have written to me about disputed Sun Yat Sen wagers at Newmarket. Cottrill's colt was engaged in the two o'clock and three o'clock events, and ran in the latter race. In every disputed bet backers have coupled Sun Yat Sen with a horse also engaged in the three o'clock, but in most cases a non-runner. Obviously they have virtually timed Sun Yat Sen for the two o'clock race and they cannot expect to draw.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow News Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

U A N F I 2 S 3 B R K L E W

H D J Q Y C Z M O V G X T P

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. ZUYDJ3BV would read SHAN MOR.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, August 3, to Tuesday, August 9.

Hot Dogs to Follow

IN the excitement occasioned by the trials, in various parts of the country during the next few weeks, for a place in the race for the £1,000 Derby Stakes, that takes place in London in September, other contingencies are liable to be overlooked.

FOR instance, in the Manchester kennels, Clare Star (Mr. Forshaw) and Spanish Blue Boy (Mr. J. Walker) are improving so rapidly as to make it almost imperative they should not be overlooked.

THEN among newcomers are Bargains Hill (Miss M. Cooper), a very fast dog indeed from the trap; Mickey Free VIII (Capt. Battye), and Welfare (Mrs. N. C. Tufnell) who should soon score on the London tracks.

AS time advances new competitors are being introduced everywhere, and it is these rather than those of the Charlie Cranston and Tall Oak type who, if followed intelligently, should be a source of profit.

IN hurdle races, unless dogs are naturally gifted with jumping Powers, it is perhaps as well to wait until they have become accustomed to this class of race, but, at the same time, Gold Digger (Mrs. E. Levey), formerly Devonshire Drive, and Epsom Beauty (Mr. E. Baxter) are worthy of being supported whenever they run.

AT Southend many excellent animals have already been kennelled, such as Jolly Jeddar (Mr. J. M. Cowan), South Easter (Mr. A. Stewart), and Follow On (Mr. R. L. Muncaster), who are all more than useful on the flat.

AND in the hurdles Skelling Light, one of the Sans Souci strain—which is good enough for anyone—and Trieneragh Boy (Mr. T. R. Gibson) are destined for many honours, if present form is any indication of their worth.

DARK JAPAN (Mr. J. Shaw), Loam Pride (Mr. A. Gale), Carrow Boy (Capt. T. Fraser) and Barney (Miss Vera Parsons) all hold out promise in the Birmingham district.

AT Liverpool Mr. James Benson's Double Dewars, Mr. Jack Barton's Dick From Pert, and the Hon. Alison Ruthven's Feale Rover have come to the forefront very rapidly, and should each win several good races before the end of the season.

The Wise Punter reads
"The Sporting Life"
For All Sport. 2d. Daily.

Our Letter Parliament

"Vengeance Is Mine!"

Every-day Tragedies—Dangerous Freedom—The Farmers' Chance

IN his article, "A Barbaric Relic," in JOHN BULL, July 23, Mr. E. Roffe Thompson reveals our system of capital punishment as it truly is: a relic of a less civilised people than Britishers. Abolishing the death penalty in other countries, and the apparent decrease—not increase—in murders, should prompt English politicians to set about mending the brutal law which condemns homicides to death.—*I. D., Merthyr Tydfil.*

Death Deserved

Death is the most fear-inspiring of all punishments, and surely the callous scoundrel who plots to cause another person's death—because some murders are premeditated—deserves the severest penalty that can be inflicted.—*L., London.*

Crucial Question

If we ask ourselves "Would I, on my own responsibility, deprive the prisoner of his life?" there can be only one reply, no matter what the evidence, and we should realise that whenever a fellow-creature is hanged it is with our tacit consent.—*G. A. S., Springwood.*

Another Laurel

As a real means of preventing murder capital punishment is of no practical value. We pride ourselves on our being an enlightened country and an example to the world. Let us, by the abolition of capital punishment add another laurel to that wreath.—*H. C., Warminster.*

No Justice

There is no actual justice in capital punishment. It is based upon revenge and retaliation, for in destroying a criminal we remove all possibilities of reforming him. We have evolved beyond this surely; yet we find this pagan practice still lingers with us. Murder and crime is moral sickness, and should be treated with the idea of cure, and not for vengeance.—*C. V. B., Manchester.*

Innocent Sufferers

When a murderer pays the extreme penalty the matter is not finished. The relations of the victim invariably have to face taunts and open contempt. In the interests of these innocent ones, very often mere children, hanging should be abolished, and some more humane punishment instituted.—*H. S., Lancaster.*

Killing in Self-defence

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson is hardly fair to the Christian standpoint when he says "Thou shalt not kill" means not sometimes but all the time. The Christian conscience of all ages in accord with humanity has not found in that prohibition anything which prevents an individual or a Government from killing as a necessary act of self-defence.—*H. C., Sussex.*

Hangman's Opinion

The late Mr. Berry, the executioner, told me that his chief consolation after his retirement was that he had rid the world of many who were unfit to live in it any longer. He also added that an English jury would always recommend to mercy all who really deserved it, therefore capital punishment should remain.—*W., Glasgow.*

Hanging Cheaper!

The figures of Mr. E. Roffe Thompson should be quoted from every platform and pulpit. My experience leads me to believe that the real objection against abolition of capital punishment is the expense necessary to keep the murderers in penal servitude for life. Until national finances are in a better condition and taxation less, the man in the street will continue to say "Let him hang!"—*F. W.S., Huddersfield.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Paying for Living

A murderer is given an expensive trial and allowed to appeal. He is convicted and hanged and the taxpayers are left to bear the cost. Abolish the death penalty and substitute imprisonment for life with such hard labour as he is capable of doing. He would then pay for the privilege of living and repay to the country the cost which his act had created.—*A. D., Oldham.*

Poignant Tragedies

Anyone after reading the article by Dr. Marie Stopes, "Mothers Tempted to Murder," in JOHN BULL, July 23 (unless blinded with intolerance), must be convinced that the knowledge of birth control properly imparted would be of tremendous moral value, and would put an end to the poignant tragedies which we can see for ourselves every day.—*J. C., Manchester.*

Despicable Sneaks

"Woodbine Willie" hits the nail on the head as usual in his remarks in JOHN BULL, July 23, on the "down and-outs." Prison does "do" for a man, but there are two other classes that should be "done" for too. They are the individuals who run round sneaking on the ex-prisoner who is trying to go straight, and the employer who listens to such sneaks.—*B., Sussex.*

Where Blame Lies

From Mr. A. G. Gardiner's article, "The Coming Bonfire," in JOHN BULL of July 23, three facts emerge very clearly. We have the coal, we have the miners, and we lack efficient organisers. Had ever captains of industry better materials wherewith to experiment? The most valuable seams in the world, coupled with the finest coal-getter known. If our coal industry is speeding towards destruction the nation must not blame the miner or the coal.—*Miner, Lanark.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"COLOGNE POST":—"Only the prompt action of the fire brigade prevented a big forest blaze in the woods near this village on Wednesday afternoon NEXT."

"WAKEFIELD EXPRESS":—"She told the officer that a labourer had given her the MATCH to pawn and this led to arrest."

"DAILY NEWS":—"Dr —— said that all the Government asked was that the NATIONAL FAG should not include anything to hurt any section of the people.

"MEXBRO' AND SWINTON TIMES":—"The best man was Mr. ——, the BRIDEGROOM'S DAUGHTER."

"WISBECH STANDARD":—"Shetland pony for sale; 7 EARS."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"He said he was an assistant NIGHT PORTER and worked from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

"EVENING STAR AND DAILY HERALD" "Grey flannel trousers, 21s. 11d. The REGULAR VALUE of trousers in this quality flannel is 16s. 6d.

"THE PILOT":—"He paced his little quarter-deck, occasionally applying the glass to his eye which, when not in use, WAS PLACED UNDER ONE ARM."

Cruel Etiquette

Repeatedly official and commercial posts are advertised as vacant when they are already earmarked or filled. This is according to some extraordinary etiquette. Surely the practice is extremely cruel in these days when thousands are desperately seeking situations and can ill afford the expense of applications foredoomed to failure.—*Bitten, Carnforth.*

Germany's Carnival

"Carnival Week" has just passed in South Shields. Everyone was urged to help local charities; they were also advised to buy only "official" decorations and novelties. The "official" streamers were "made in Germany." Surely charity begins at home.—*S. V., S. Shields.*

Millions for Drink

Although the general trade of the country is at such a startingly low ebb, something like £301,300,000 yearly is spent in the consumption of alcoholic liquors. The workers may be idle and the country in a state of chaos, yet enormous sums are wasted in alcohol.—*G. E. W., Devon.*

Too Free Speech

England is noted as the home of "free speech," but it should be "free speech" within limits, and it is time that action was taken to suppress those people who in parks and open spaces preach sedition and revolution. Especially does this apply to alien agitators.—*Patriot, Alderney.*

Not Slackers

In this town more than eight thousand men have been struck off the register as not genuinely seeking work, yet a friend of mine who advertised for a garage mechanic had eight hundred applications, many ex-officers and men of high qualifications.—*M. B. F., Sunderland.*

Making Farming Pay

Could not farmers and market gardeners form an association, open markets in larger towns, and sell their produce at fair profits direct to consumers? Shopkeepers could be supplied on the understanding that any attempt at profiteering would be met with cutting off of supplies.—*H., Hornsey.*

Mixed Memorials

Although it may be right from sentiment to have the Menin Gate Memorial, one cannot help but think that ten years after the war it does seem a tragedy that even yet some memorials are only being built. Unless something drastic takes place, these memorials will be mixed up with those for the next war.—*H., Lancs.*

Slums and Acres

I am a married woman who is obliged to go out to work. By sheer careful saving I managed to get five days' holiday. As the train steamed out of London I could not help noticing the cramped-up, squalid hovels, bordering on the rail-track, where some poor souls have to eke out their existence. Further down the line, I was struck by the acres of beautiful fields lying idle, and no one allowed to enjoy their glory.—*G. B., Harlesden.*

Penalty of Marriage

Apropos the inconsistency in the Ministry of Labour Acts, mentioned in your article, "A Monstrous Prosecution," may I point to yet another flaw? In factories where single women only are employed, and a girl on marrying is compelled to tender her notice, she is, in consequence, debarred from any benefit until she has procured other work, and this irrespective of contributions paid.—*Victim, Bristol.*

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"Reading that Bile Beans were a vegetable remedy and specially suitable for cases of liver and constipation I sent for a free sample, which convinced me that here was something different. The effect of continuing with Bile Beans was to remove, without any griping, all my distressing pains and end the chronic constipation. Bile Beans are certainly a fine thing."

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CAKE KNIFE & BUTTER KNIFE (with mother-of-pearl handle) each	50	FULLY DRESSED DOLL (double-jointed arms and legs, eyes to open and close)	200
EDGAR WALLACE BOOKS each	75	ROLLER SKATES	200
VALET AUTOSTROP RAZOR SET	100	SHAVING SET & MIRROR	200
CLINCHER INNER TUBES	100	ELECTRO-PLATED FISH KNIVES AND FORKS In Case.	300
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PLATED BUTTER DISH	100	CARPENTER'S OUTFIT	300
6 PLATED APOSTLE SPOONS	100	FOOTBALL BOOTS	400
MINCER (4 knives)	150	GARDEN TOOLS:—	
Boys' "HOBBIES" FRET-WORK OUTFITS, Set No. 1)	150	TROWEL	100
"GALLOPING GUS" (this season's mascot)	150	HAND-FORK	100
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4.—Mr. D. C. CONRADI, the well-known sportsman, driving his 10-20 H.P. SALMSON car in the LONDON-EDINBURGH Run on June 3rd and 4th, covered the 416 miles on TEN AND A QUARTER GALLONS OF R.O.P. SPIRIT, averaging FORTY MILES PER GALLON.

"IT RENDERS AMAZING POWER," says Mr. Conradi.

5.—The British Government, according to the Prime Minister, "is wholly in favour of the pursuit of legitimate trade between Great Britain and Russia." Sir Edward Crowe, of the Department of Overseas Trade, wrote on June 8th, "That British firms could not possibly be regarded as acting unpatriotically" if they continue to do business with Russian organisations. The purchase of Russian oil is strictly legitimate.

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THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

• • •

M. T. W. (Plymouth).—"The ocean was very angry." Well, it's often crossed.

M. Y. S. (Thirsk).—"My wife and I are intellectual opposites." We gather that she's the intellectual one.

R. C. (Leek).—"I possess a very rare book." Do you mean a borrower returned it?

H. W. F. (Swindon).—"I have a good position." Hope you also have a good disposition.

B. B. (Cadishead).—"I shall be famous when I'm dead." We'd rather be happy while we're alive.

S. B. (Scarboro').—"I got out of the firm when I found it was crooked." How much?

G. E. (Coventry).—"I dreamed you lent me a tenner." It's a lot of money, but you can keep it.

G. T. (Paddington).—"I've been ordered a change of climate." Stop where you are and you'll get plenty.

D. E. (Blackhill).—"What would happen if horses became extinct?" Bookmakers would be no more.

ACTOR (Bayswater).—"They applauded loudly when I left the stage." Cause and effect?

DAISY L. (Colchester).—"Can you tell me how I can get into a good concert-party?" Yes; by paying at the doors.

R. D. (West Ham).—"Her mind has quite gone." Perhaps she gave too many pieces of it away.

R. C. J. (Nottingham).—"I never tell my children fairy-tales." Or your wife either?

M. K. (Battle).—"What is the difference between salmon and salmon-trout?" The fishmonger.

MRS. T. N. (Neasden).—"When I married him I thought he had at least a bit of grit." Everybody else thought he had a lot.

SARAH (Hove).—"I can't help wondering what will be the outcome of such a marriage." That will depend on what the income is.

P. K. (Fulham).—"I haven't yet fully recovered from the road accident I met with recently." Still feeling a bit run down?

G. L. (Petersham).—"I am beginning to suspect that you consider me a bit of a fool." We consider you are quite clever—as a thought-reader.

V. F. (Maidstone).—"I'm tired of my present job, and should like to go in for a business in which I could take a continuous interest." How about money-lending?"

F. W. (Barnet).—"All men are born equal." Equal to what?

J. W. (Tamworth).—"My wife still claps her hands when I sing." Over her ears?

D. S. (Hull).—"We had six visitors for lunch." Cannibals!

S. H. J. (Scarborough). — "Love-making on the edge of the cliffs is very risky." It may even end in marriage,

B. D. (Kingston).—"I always put my brains into my writing." So that's why you've none in your head.

B. E. (Sandy).—"Those who try my tonic never want any other." Does it finish them off so completely?

E. A. (Leicester).—"As to whether I take beer, that's my business." But surely you have some other?

M. C. (Bristol).—"He declared he didn't know me from Adam." Was your attire so similar?

P. D. (Dripsey).—"I admit I have my price." And yet you're giving yourself away!

L. S. (Gotham).—"My family has been traced for three hundred years." Heavens! What did they do?

S. S. (Cattal).—"Charity covers a multitude of sins." And silence a lot of ignorance.

MARY (Morecambe).—"Time and tide wait for no man." While girls often go halfway to meet one.

TILLY (Colne).—"Girls like to see young men really manly." So that's why they set them such a good example?

L. L. (Southend).—"I am sending my daughter abroad to learn singing." Coward!

E. C. (Middlesbro').—"I put on weight during my holidays." Yet we trust you didn't put on side.

G. L. (Blackburn).—"He is a mule-headed ass." Meaning that he lacks horse-sense.

W. B. (Barnsley).—"The man who marries my daughter will get a prize." What bribe are you offering?

J. T. W. (Mardy).—"I never say more than I think." While we always think more than we say.

DORA (Windermere).—"Single men call themselves bachelors, but what can married men call themselves?" The printers wouldn't let us tell you.

JOHN L. (Birmingham).—"I tore up the road at express speed." We wish you'd show the slow-coaches tearing up roads round here how to do it.

W. A. (Worthing).—"Out of kindness I spent over an hour fixing the old tub in her kitchen." But is it very kind to call her an old tub?

MICK G. (County Antrim).—"There are old folks near here who have never seen a motor-car." Probably that accounts for it.

L. J. (Matlock).—"Why does a man about to marry have to take out a licence same as if he was buying a dog?" Probably because he knows he's in for a dog's life.

S. R. (Manchester).—"A burglar who broke into a local perfumery shop was arrested just as he was leaving the premises." Glad to hear he failed to keep the police off the scent.

T. A. (Swindon).—"Fasting is foolish." Seaside landladies, please note.

C. E. (Southend).—"A man's character is in his eye." Blacken no man's character.

R. N. (Aberdeen).—"Our politicians are very consistent." In their inconsistency.

C. T. C. (Oxford).—"Children are growing taller." Well, did you expect them to grow downwards?

A. E. T. (Beaconsfield).—"Our foreign relations are satisfactory." What are your other relations like?

F. M. (Mitcham).—"Why do clothes come to grief in the laundry?" Tears, tears, just idle tears.

T. M. (Chepstow).—"I think life is a merry-go-round." You won't get anywhere on a merry-go-round.

T. T. (Radnor).—"One can get a lot of pleasure from a long walk in a leafy country lane." So can two.

P. Y. (London, W.).—"Do you pay for letters sent to you?" Yes, dearly. We read them.

W. J. (Exeter).—"Can you lend me a fiver for a month old chap?" If he's only a month he isn't old.

H. W. B. (Hulme).—"I am going to marry a sensible girl." But will a sensible girl marry you?

SANDY (Dundee).—"I don't like jokes about a Scotman's meanness." We understand. They are at your expense.

E. L. (Hanwell). "I'm waiting for some sunshine before I take my holiday." Take a *Bulletin* Holiday Prize and make sure of having a fine time.

B. J. (Evesham).—"Is it easy to write for the papers?" Very easy, indeed; the difficulty is to get them to print what you've written.

ASTRONOMER (Hayes).—"There are stars we have never seen and never shall." This should put Mr. C. B. Cochran on his mettle.

MRS. J. (Hornsey).—"When I was a girl, I had more shame than these modern misses." Perhaps you had more to be ashamed of.

P. R. (Charing Cross).—"I personally deliver articles, poems and stories to many London editors." You're either a hero or a postman.

L. R. (King's Cross).—"There are plenty of flats to be had in London." So we should imagine, judging by the activities of confidence men.

R. C. F. (High Wycombe).—"I've written lots of new jazz tunes—but I still go unpublished." Mind your handwriting—we thought at first you said "unpunished."

"STATISTICS" (Manchester). — "If all the cars in the country were laid end to end——" We should know, without looking at the calendar, that it was Sunday afternoon.

D. M. T. (Rochester).—"We must fill up the big empty spaces in Australia." We could send all the jazz bands there, but they would probably only broadcast back.

N. Y. (Pulford).—"My doctor ordered me to the seaside for a long rest and to have champagne and oysters included in my diet." It's easy to get a doctor like that if you've an income like that.

T. Y. (Boole).—"I'll write to you again shortly." Very shortly, we hope.

W. W. (Berwick).—"A man reaps what he sows." And his wife sews what he rips.

T. B. (Epsom).—"The last horse I backed cost me £5." That's the worst of backing last horses.

A. N. (Finsbury).—"Necessity is the mother of invention." But mother is no longer the necessity of convention.

O. M. (Putney).—"How can a man have peace in the house?" One method is to go out on the roof and use a wire-cutter.

N. B. G. (Norwich).—"I am a successful man." A case of perseverance triumphing over initial difficulties.

A. P. (London, W.).—"I write good fiction, but can't earn a living at it." Try weather forecasting.

D. M. (Slough).—"You can't work and talk at the same time." Nonsense. How do you think auctioneers make a living?

B. M. (Norfolk).—"I met him at a cricket-match and now we are to be married." Well held, miss!

A. M. (Leeds).—"He asked me to change a £100 note for him." How flattering!

T. S. (Bexley).—"She looks so charming asleep on the beach." She's evidently a very wide-awake girl.

F. M. (London, W.).—"I often wonder where comedians get their humour from." They probably raid the tables in dentists' waiting-rooms.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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• • •

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Exiled by Unemployment

The Great Trek in Search of Work

ONE of the most painful effects of the industrial unrest last year is that hundreds of men now find themselves quite unable to obtain work in the district in which they have lived all their lives and are being forced into exile from the places made dear to them by family sentiment.

A great trek is taking place from some of the mining areas where there was no resumption of work after the dispute, and the families of men who have set out in search of work are in many instances in desperate straits.

A case typical of many is that of a man who had worked for many years in one of the South Wales coalfields. The pit in which he was employed was closed down altogether and others in the neighbourhood were quite unable to absorb the large number of men permanently deprived of their former means of livelihood.

His savings having become exhausted he tramped half across England in search of work, and at last found employment as a labourer.

His wage might with careful economy have sufficed for a single man, but it was quite insufficient to pay his own living expenses and send enough to support the wife and three children left behind in his native village.

He almost starved himself to provide for their needs and they, many miles away, were almost starving too.

Poverty is easier to bear helped by loving sympathy than in lonely exile, and though the family would remain poor they would be happier together than apart. The cost of removing his family and his household belongings to his new place of work, however, presented a difficulty.

Fortunately, the man's work, though poorly paid, held the prospect of permanency and "The Greatest of These—" Fund made it possible for the family to be reunited.

We must continue to beg earnestly for increased support for the work done by the fund, which we can truthfully describe as a 100 per cent. charity, every penny received in donations being devoted to the relief of distress without any deduction whatever for the expenses of administration, which are borne entirely by the proprietors of JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

B. F., 1s.; I. L. M. O. D. (Abingdon), 5s.; Dad's Birthday Gift, H. and M. T., 2s.; Jessie (A Sixth for Luck), 1s. 8d.; With Love, 1s.; Sorry, 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. T. Grainger (Darlington), 2s. 6d.; Lucky, 6d.; A Young Man, £10; Mr. and Mrs. Galloway, 5s.; S. A. G., 1s.; B. (Brighton), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Ridgout (Woking), 2s. 6d.; Rover, 2s. 6d.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; A. Dayman, 1s.; Ardent Bulleteer (Nottingham), 1s.; Edith Perry, 6d.; W. H. Irons, 1s.; E. V. Prout (Goodrest), 1s.; P. Hoadley (Bournemouth), 9d.; E. Hilbert (Middlesex), 2s.; Good Luck, 1s. 6d.; Frederick Hitchcock (King's Lynn), 6d.; O. Jamieson, 4d.; Mr. A. E. Dewar, 1s.; Mr. H. Garner (Batley), 1s.; Mrs. Dodd (Knowle), 5s.; Anon. (Ealing), 2s.; Mr. P. C. Jones (Londonderry), 10s.; M. S., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; E. P., 5s.; J. C. Chambers, 2s. 6d.; H. Mudufman (Wembley Hill), 1s.; F. L. D., 1s.; Rosalie, 1s.; P. S. (King's Lynn), 2s. 6d.; K. Wood (Tarporley), 2s. 6d.; A. K. (Ashton-u-Lyne), 10s.; R. Barker (Carlisle), 2s.; Mrs. E. M. Wallis (Letchworth), 1s. 6d.; A. B. Coombe (East Cowes), 5s.; A. E. W., 5s.; K. L. (Liverpool), 2s.; Early Bird, 1s.; Bulletite, 1s.; Mrs. J. Beetson (Fitedon), 2s.

Parcels of clothing have been received from Mrs. J. Beetson, N. E., H. A. K. D. (Brixton), Sorry, Mrs. Hancock (Morlake), Mrs. A. Moore (Ilkeston), Miss E. Millard.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

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From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (387L), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (387L), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write plainly.

FREE GIFTS FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS

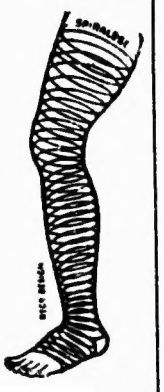
The most amazing offer ever made — beautiful and useful gifts to delight everybody.

Turn to pages 30 and 31.

VARICOSE VEINS VANQUISHED

Marvellous Success of "Spiralese" Seamless Supports.

Our 20 years' experience in treating Varicose Veins proves the undoubted superiority of "Spiralese" Seamless Supports over anything ever offered to sufferers. They are made to measure, but at **50 per cent. less than the cost of ordinary Elastic Hosiery.**



Avoid the great danger of bursting Veins, Ulcers, Eczema, etc., caused by wearing ill-fitting Bandages and Ordinary Elastic Stockings. Do away with unsightly and uncomfortable appliances. "Spiralese" is almost invisible beneath silk stockings. Send to day for FREE BOOKLET describing the "Spiralese" treatment.

BEASLEY'S SPIRALESE, Dept. 8A, 26, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

What Made His Hair Grow?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko, who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon

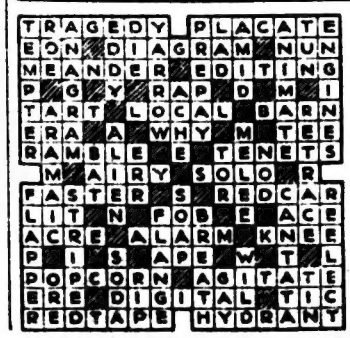
To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53 K.R.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 2.

HURRY UP FOR YOUR 'BULLETS' HOLIDAY!

200 PRIZES of 5/- • 500 PRIZES of 2/6 • 6,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 644.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. G. G. STORR, 91, West Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.

Example :—Begging
Bullet :—Last "Charge" Taxpayer Met.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. WINSTON, 48, Hereson Road, Ramsgate.

Example :—Folly
Bullet :—Heaven Forgives—Village Doesn't.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. J. STONE, 83, Devercourt Road, East Dulwich, London, S.E.

Example :—Best Of Friends
Bullet :—Generosity Makes—Meanness Gets.

20 Holiday Prizes of £6:

W. Bell, 12, Greyhound Lane, Streatham, S.W.
What The Excursionist Said—"Got Sandwiches—And Baby?"

L. Bennett, 2, Church Street, Liverpool.
Stolen—Innocence—World Punishes Victim.

R. F. Brooke, 17, Orchid Street, Queen's Park, Manchester.
What The Excursionist Said—"Come On, *Stephenson!*"

Miss H. H. Carr, 27, Aughton Road, Birkdale, Southport.
Fish Out Of Water—This Climate Won't Hurt.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

D. Clark, 28, Audley Road, Hendon, N.W.
One By One—Unravelled "Threads" Complete "Rope."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

W. M. Cochran, 49, Arden Street, Edinburgh.
Father's Allotment—War Started—"Fight" Continues.

G. J. Eden, 45, Radstock Road, Itchen, Southampton.
What The Excursionist Said—"Twice Ten Are *Plenty!*"

Mrs. Edwards, 31, Milton Road, Swindon.
Overdue—*Candidate* "Making His Mark."

G. D. Evans, 84, St. Olave's Road, East Ham, E.
Amateur Gardener—Father—Motherless Daughters, "Flowers."

A. Hayes, 59, Denmark Street, Bedford.
With An Effort—Electors Aroused—Then Subdued.

G. Howe, 75, Hele Road, Torquay.
His Cigar—Prevented Creditor. "Smelling Rat."

Miss D. Milburn, "Heatherdene," Hutton-Rudby, Yorks.
Waking Up—Railways, To *Avoid* "Eclipse."

G. H. Mitchell, 52, Ennis Road, Plumstead, S.E.
Father's Allotment—Of Empire—Ounce Weekly.

F. C. Nicholls, Calverhall, Whitchurch, Shropshire,
Folly—"Height" Mortals *Stoop* To.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. T. Price, 10, Aubrey Street, Liverpool.
What The Excursionist Said—"Hurry Up—Train's Gone!"

H. Smith, 61, Princes Street, Eastwood, Notts.
With An Effort—She Fainted—Caught *Him.*

E. G. Stanford, 143, Church Lane, Charlton, S.E.
Sounds Nicer—*Doctor* Saying "Get Out!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

C. Thorne, 272, Loughborough Road, Brixton, S.W.
Waking Up—Milliner Mentioned "Dream's" Price.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

(Continued on page 4.)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 646.

GOING TO THE SEASIDE
HIS RIVAL
AN IDLE TIME
HARD TO BELIEVE
RED RUIN
I WONDER WHEN
SILENT FRIEND
WOMAN OF YESTERDAY
PRETENDING
MODERN SCHOOL
WHAT SHE HEARD
WEAK SPOT
WHAT THE GOSSIP SAID
LEFT BEHIND
LUCKY FOR HER
BATHING BEAUTY
WITH A GROWL
WISE CUSTOMER
A TOUGH JOB
TEARFULLY
MORE THAN LIKELY
NEVER TOLD
FOR A GIRL
WHY SHE SAID NOTHING
PACKING UP
BEFORE AND AFTER
GENTLE HINT
IN CONFIDENCE
AT HOLIDAY TIME
SORRY HE MARRIED
IN LOVERS' LANE
WHAT IS A LUXURY?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 646 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent Bullets Prize winners were :—

Example :—Armaments Race — *Bullet* :—"Arrest"—Don't "Run In."
Example :—Young England — *Bullet* :—Our Hope—What's Theirs?
Example :—Making Things Difficult — *Bullet* :—Foreigners "Making Things" Easier.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons :—"Bullets" No. 646," John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.(Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 11.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(646) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 11.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(646) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

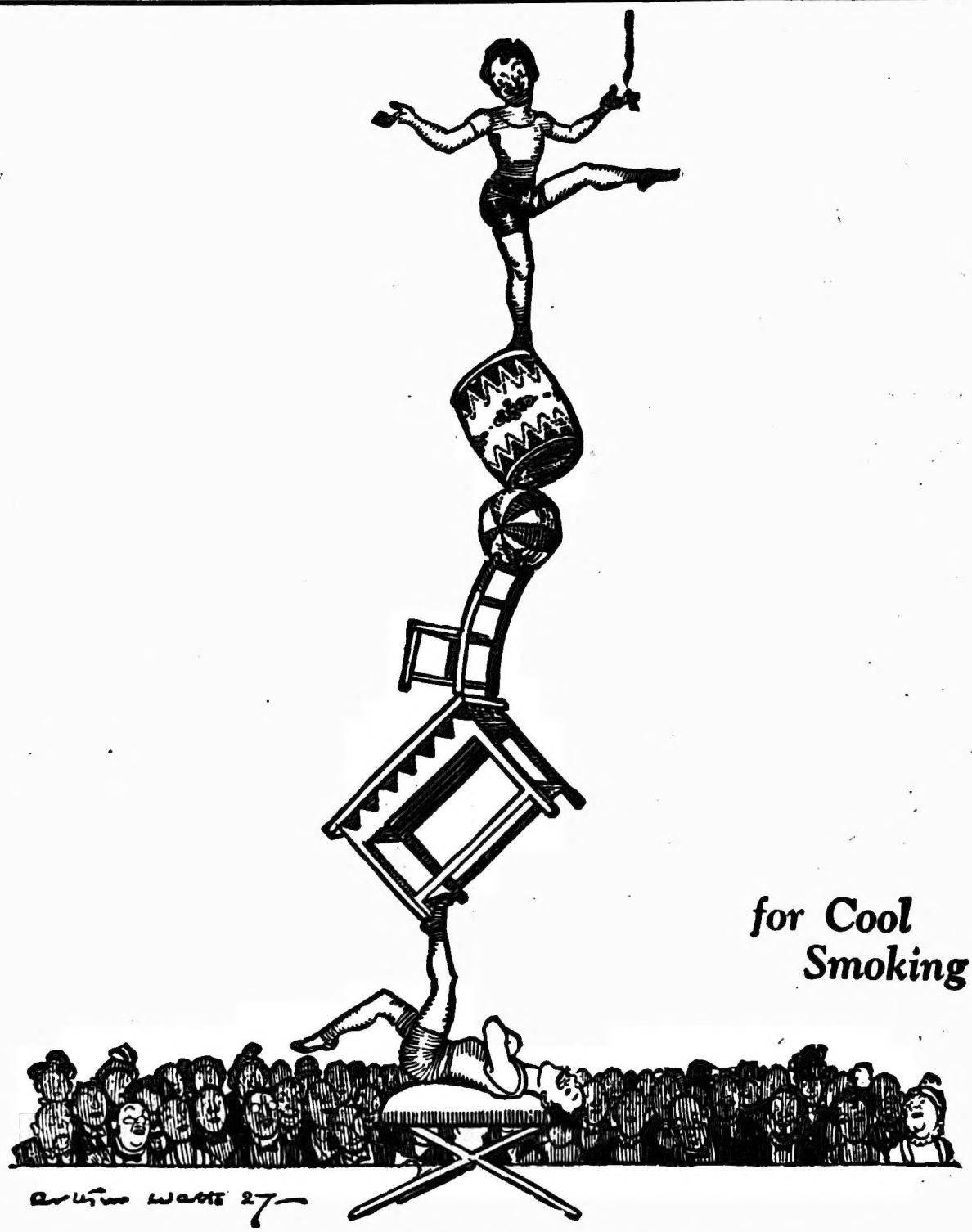
Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 11.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(646) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 11.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(646) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEXT WEEK — FINAL BIG HOLIDAY OFFER!

PLAYER'S *MEDIUM* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS.



for Cool Smoking

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

CIGARETTES

10 *for* 6d. 20 *for* 11½d.

50 for 2/5 100 for 4/8

It's the Tobacco that Counts

NCC 150

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